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**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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Australian Home Budget

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

October 1, 1952

168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Box 4098WW, G.P.O.

Vol. 20, No. 18

Our cover: 29 SEP 1952

PLAN AGAINST ATOM ATTACK

MONTE BELLO should bring the atom-bomb close enough to make Australians really realise that this could happen to us.

It should make them realise more fully the purpose of the rearmament and the urgent stock-piling of atomic weapons which the Western Powers have undertaken in the past few years.

Free nations have accepted the idea that only by preparing for war can war be prevented.

They have accepted it because the penalties of neglect and over-optimism are too drastic to contemplate.

Professor William Watson, of Yale University, said recently that, if real peace were assured, atomic power could be put to tremendous use within five to 10 years.

This would, Professor Watson said, assure a very high living standard for all.

When such a bright prospect is opened up, the waste and uselessness of war become more strikingly emphasised.

But, unfortunately, the ticket to any such Utopia must be paid for in advance.

Monte Bello also opens up the unpleasant but urgent question of Australia's lack of a plan of civil defence.

Although everyone fervently hopes that such a plan would never be put into effect, it should exist.

How much better in future years to look back on unnecessary effort, as Australians mercifully can look back on World War II's civilian defence, than to reflect on wasted time amid the ruins of an Australian Hiroshima.

● Inspired by spring, Wep painted our cover picture of children with frolicsome lambs. He enjoys painting country scenes just as much as putting down his humorous observations on life which we publish from time to time.

This week:

● As soon as the announcement was made of the appointment of Sir William Slim as next Governor-General of Australia, photographer Alec Murray, of our London staff, went down to Surrey to take the special color pictures which appear on the opposite page of the Field-Marshal and his wife at home. Sir William Slim's library is filled, as you might expect, with books on the Army and military campaigns. Apparently he is also a man for mottoes. The one that stands framed on top of a shelf of books reads: "Don't worry. It may never happen."

Next week:

● Now that the long hot stretch of summer lies ahead, you will be wanting to vary the family menus to suit the weather. What you need to have on hand is a wide variety of recipes for cool and refreshing sweets. With this in mind, our food and cookery experts have prepared four special pages for next week's issue which will help you fill the bill of fare to perfection.

● Last May we published some spectacular color portraits by London society photographer Anthony Beauchamp of 10 film stars who, he claimed, were the most beautiful women in Hollywood. Mr. Beauchamp wasn't far wrong in his judgment. Now he has made a picture collection, which we will reproduce next week, of "Famous Look-alikes." He compares his wife, Sarah, daughter of Winston Churchill, with Queen Nefertiti, for instance, and President Truman's daughter, Margaret, with Good Queen Bess. You will find all the comparisons fascinating.

A story of family life for the simple in heart

Book review
by AINSLIE BAKER

AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL'S "The Gown of Glory" is one of those wholesome stories of old-fashioned family life that the sophisticated find virtually unreadable, but which are delighted in by the simple of heart.

The manse of the small American town of Ladykirk is the background against which is seen the working out of a truly happy and worthwhile marriage, and the growth and realisation of the ambitions and loves of its children.

Miss Turnbull has selected a quotation from Horace, "Happy is he to whom God has given with sparing hand, as much as is enough," to set the theme of this ample and comfortable novel.

When as a young man he brings his new bride, Mary, to the manse, David Lyall is determined to get on in life. But the call to a wider ministry fails to come.

By the time he has been forced to have his book, "Religious Aspects of the Greater Poets," published at his own expense, his children are already experiencing their own share of small-town frustrations.

The eldest daughter, Faith, sets her heart on a musical career. When the money put aside for her studies runs out, she sets herself up as music teacher to the village children.

Preferring no marriage at all to one without love, at 25 Faith turns down her only suitor.

It seems that it is to be gentle, loving Faith's fate to be forever overshadowed by her lovely younger sister, Lucy.

It takes a trip with her father, and the making of new friends, for Faith to find herself as a woman.

Young Jeremy Lyall, in the classic American tradition, works his way through college by selling books in the vacations.

His announcement that he is not going to follow his father into the ministry disappoints but does not altogether surprise Mary and David Lyall.

The road of true love is shown as being never less smooth than when a wealthy and eligible young man falls in love with the daughter of the obscure country minister.

Lucy and Ninian find their happiness only after many pages have been turned and a society girl selected for him by his parents makes another match.

Long schooled to humility and a quiet acceptance of defeated ambition, David Lyall has his moment of triumph when, after many years, his old college confers on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The conferring of the degree is to be the limit of David's worldly success, for hard on its heels comes the news that the promotion he has long hoped for is to be given to another man.

Miss Turnbull has a simple tale to tell, and tells it in simple terms of black and white.

Published by Collins.
Our copy from Grahame Book Company, Sydney.

Quote:

The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. Bourdillon.



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8/6

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The Slims will appeal to Australians



AUSTRALIA'S new Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim (above), with the sword surrendered by General Kimura, C-in-C. of the Japanese forces in Burma.

LADY SLIM at her writing-desk. She is a great home-lover, and an enthusiastic collector of fine French furniture and antiques.

● Field-Marshal Sir William Slim will bring to his appointment as Governor-General a simplicity of manner and directness of speech which appeal to most Australians.

Lady Slim is intelligent and charming. Her talents as a homemaker should leave their mark on the Vice-Regal residences.



Forty years of painting Royal Family

Artist has interesting memories of many world-famous people

By WALLACE REYBURN

Welsh-born Margaret Lindsay Williams, who painted the first portrait of Elizabeth as Queen, has painted more British Kings and Queens than any other artist.

Miss Williams' portrait of the Queen was our cover on September 10.

SHE had previously painted Elizabeth three times—in 1937, as an 11-year-old Princess with her sister, Princess Margaret; in 1947, just before her 21st birthday, and in the following year with the Duke of Edinburgh.

For her latest portrait the Queen wore a dress which Norman Hartnell had designed for the Canadian tour.

It was of blue-and-gold embossed brocade on an off-white ground and had the appearance of being encrusted with gold.

It was trimmed with blue velvet and had a crinoline skirt.

She also wore a tiara which was a gift of Queen Mary, a diamond necklace which had been given her by the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the Ribbon and Star of the Garter.

On her left wrist was a narrow platinum watch bracelet, the gift of the Swiss Government.

She arrived exactly on time for every sitting.

Miss Williams says that no member of the Royal Family has ever kept her waiting.

The sittings were in the Yellow Drawing Room.

Miss Williams painted King George V and Queen Mary in the Chinese Room. From

this room french windows lead to the balcony, where members of the Royal Family stand on important occasions to acknowledge the cheers of the public.

Both rooms are ideal for painting because ample light comes from the wide, high windows overlooking the Mall.

The portrait took six weeks to complete, and at the sittings Miss Williams concentrated on the Queen's features.

During rest periods the Queen chatted amiably to Miss Williams, and sometimes went round to the other side of the canvas to see how the portrait was coming along.

The dress and the jewellery were sent to Miss Williams' studio and painted there.

Miss Williams draped the dress on a dummy, made to the Queen's measurements, from Hartnell's.

She was worried lest her pet Gorgi might get to work on the hem of the dress, so she set up a child's play-pen round the base of the dummy to keep the dress safe.

To paint the tiara, she slipped it on her own lay figure, nicknamed Emma. Emma is a relic of the '20's, and although she didn't look exactly regal even in a tiara she served her purpose.

Margaret Lindsay Williams was born in Cardiff, but when she was a year old her family

moved to Barry, about nine miles outside the city.

When she was 12 the local church had a bazaar to which she sent a painting, price-tagged seven guineas.

It was snapped up by an enthusiastic buyer—her father. Convinced of his daughter's talent, he had her enrolled at the Cardiff Art School. When she was 18 she became a Royal Academy student.

While there Miss Williams painted her first Royal portrait—of the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor.

She clipped out every newspaper photograph of the Prince she could find and worked from them.

Pet dog caused anxiety

The Prince of Wales was to be presented to the Welsh people at Caernarvon Castle, and Margaret chose this time to launch her portrait.

She was at home on holidays when a letter came from Queen Mary's lady-in-waiting to say that the Queen would like to buy the painting.

It was not until several years later that Miss Williams met the Prince of Wales.

It was in 1919, when a picture 10 feet by 4 feet, containing 114 separate portraits depicting Lloyd George unveiling the National Statuary at Cardiff, was unveiled by the Prince.

"What a job you must have had chasing all those people for sittings," the Prince remarked when she was presented to him.

At the Royal Academy one of her teachers was John Singer Sargent.

"Miss Williams," he told her once, "always paint people just as ugly as they are."

In her last year she won the Gold Medal and Traveling Scholarship, which she spent in Italy and Holland.

In 1913 Miss Williams was asked to paint a portrait of the late King Edward the Seventh for Cardiff's memorial to the dead King.

Buckingham Palace sent her Edward the Seventh's Robes of the Garter to copy for the portrait.

She hired a male model to wear the robes. During the final sitting the man crashed to the floor in an epileptic fit.

The doctor, after attending to him, turned to Miss Williams and said: "It was lucky his fall stunned him. I know this man and usually when he has a fit he tears his clothes to ribbons."

In the next few years Miss Williams did two very large paintings of a type now rather out of date.

These were official groups, one containing 114 separate portraits and the other 150.

The first was the painting unveiled by the Prince of Wales, showing Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, unveiling the National Statuary at Cardiff.

This was during World War I. A short while before Lloyd George arrived for his sitting, it had been announced that he had recalled General Sir William Robertson as C-in-C. of the British Forces in France.

Lloyd George apologised for having little time to give for the sitting, but added: "Soon I may be able to give you much more."

"To-morrow Asquith may kick me out over this Robertson business," he added, then turned to his secretary, Philip Kerr, and asked, "Don't you think he might?"

"Not unless you make a bigger fool of yourself than I expect you to," Kerr replied.

Lloyd George laughed heartily, and the following day weathered the political storm with ease.

Dame Margaret George,



PORTRAIT of the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Edinburgh, painted by Margaret Lindsay Williams. It was our cover for January 8, 1949.



QUEEN MARY, painted by Margaret Lindsay Williams. Queen Mary has always been noted for her jewellery, some of which she has given to her granddaughter, the Queen.



THE FAMOUS "Princess in Pink." This portrait of the Queen was painted just before her 21st birthday. It was our cover on September 27, 1947.



KING EDWARD VII in the Robes of the Garter. Miss Williams painted this picture from photographs in 1913, three years after Edward's death, for Cardiff's memorial to him.



THE QUEEN MOTHER, then Duchess of York. This portrait is in the miniature Welsh cottage the people of Wales gave to Princess Elizabeth for her sixth birthday.



KING GEORGE V and Queen Mary attending the thanksgiving service after the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in 1929. They are accompanied by the Lord Mayor, Sir William Waterlow, the Bishop and Archdeacon of London, and the Dean of St. Paul's. Reproduced by permission of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

the Prime Minister's wife, confided to Miss Williams one day that since "Dada," as she called her husband, had become Prime Minister he had to buy hats three sizes bigger than he used to wear.

Miss Williams suggested it might be that Lloyd George was wearing his hair longer, because an adult's head could not grow.

"Whatever it is," Dame Margaret said, "for Heaven's sake don't let the Opposition hear about it or we'll never hear the end of certain people getting swollen heads."

Dame Margaret later posed for the artist. However, she unconsciously made things difficult by arriving for each sitting in different clothes.

In 1918 Miss Williams was commissioned to do a painting of the Welsh Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey.

This took three years and the picture and frame measured 20 feet by 16.

The dominating figure in the picture was Queen Alexandra, then Queen Mother.

Though well on in years at this time—she died not long afterwards—Queen Alexandra was still a beautiful woman. The fact that she was very slightly deaf did not detract from the impression she made on anybody who met her.

One of the Queen Mother's ladies in waiting, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, was then 90 and had been a lady in waiting for 50 years.

Miss Williams did another portrait of Queen Alexandra. During the sittings the Queen Mother had her favorite pekingese with her, and in the conservatory off the room in which the painting was being done Miss Williams noticed a drinking bowl with the inscription, "Love me, love my dog."

During a break in one of the sittings she discovered in the gardens of Marlborough House a graveyard of former pets,

each grave with its tiny tombstone.

After World War I Miss Williams went to America to paint the President, Warren Harding. The picture was to hang in the London headquarters of the English-Speaking Union.

When her ship docked at New York, she couldn't understand why the Press photographers were so interested in the Russian snow-boots she was wearing.

They insisted on putting her high up on a ship's rail to get a good picture of the boots.

This was her first introduction to the famous "leg art" of the New York photographers, immortalised by the remark of one of them to Queen Marie of Rumania, "Show some leg, Quennie."

During the time the portrait of Harding was being done, rumors were hot that the

President was involved with a woman in Chicago.

At one sitting he was very quiet, then quite suddenly asked: "Have you ever been in love, Miss Williams?"

She made some remark about being wedded to her art.

"You are very fortunate. You have escaped many of the tragedies of this life."

Shortly afterwards, Miss Williams painted another famous American, Henry Ford.

This was when the motor magnate visited England to establish a motor plant at Dagenham.

Miss Williams shared her sittings with dozens of reporters and photographers, who gave the American millionaire little peace while he was in London.

The portrait now hangs outside the board-room of the Ford Company's offices in Regent Street.

In 1933 Margaret Lindsay Williams did her first portrait

of King George V and the first of her two pictures of Queen Mary.

The picture was to be a reconstruction of the thanksgiving service held in 1929 after the restoration of St. Paul's.

She found King George a cheerful sitter, full of anecdotes.

One was his story of two men, one grey and the other black haired.

The dark-haired one remarked: "You'll be grey as long as you live." To which the other replied, "Yes, and your hair will be black as long as you dye."

In the four years that had elapsed, feminine fashions had changed and the Queen's coat was no longer the same.

It was a brocade in rainbow colors which had formerly had a white fox collar, but now had a brown squirrel collar and hemline border.

When Miss Williams pointed out the change, Queen Mary sent for some white fox fur and pinned it over the squirrel collar.

In 1932 the people of Wales presented a miniature Welsh cottage to Princess Elizabeth. Miss Williams did a small portrait, a foot square, of the Duchess of York to hang over the fireplace.

Margaret Lindsay Williams painted Mr. Maisky, who was then Russian Ambassador to Britain, in 1943 to raise funds for the Russian Red Cross.

At that time the Polish Government was in exile in London and Maisky had just come from meeting some Polish officials.

"I arrived in my little run-about car, which I use to save petrol for Britain," Mr. Maisky told her, "and the Poles arrived in chauffeur-driven limousines."

"But that is like the Poles. Once about 100 years ago they sent an ambassador to Russia. An ambassador's entourage in those days was usually about 100 people. The Polish Ambassador brought 1000. The



WELSH ARTIST Margaret Lindsay Williams with her portrait of Queen Elizabeth which appeared on the cover of our September 10 issue. It was the first painting of the Queen since her accession. The Chippendale frame is more than 200 years old.

Russians thought it was an invasion and fled."

During the early 'thirties Miss Williams did a portrait of Chaliapin while he was playing Boris Godounov at the old London Lyceum.

She had to do her work in his dressing-room while he made up for the role. His beard took a full hour to apply.

During the sittings Chaliapin's beautiful wife incessantly popped notes to her husband through the window, and he read each with obvious amusement.

The Chaliapin portrait now hangs in the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow.

The families of Ivor Novello and Margaret Lindsay Williams were old friends.

A sketch she did of him hung in his dressing-room at Drury Lane for many years. Just before his death it was stolen.

When Novello was a young man, his mother, Dame Clara Novello Davies, was convinced of his talent, but worried because he would not work.

It was in the early days of World War I, and Ivor, then quite unknown, used to strum "Liddle in Khaki" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" on the Williams' piano.

Some time later Miss Williams had a letter from Dame Clara saying that she had just discovered a new invention that would make recordings of music.

"At last," she wrote, "we'll get Ivor's music on paper."



THE YOUNG PRINCESSES. They were painted by Miss Williams when Elizabeth was 11 and Margaret six. They wore white dresses with colored sashes and were as averse as most children to sitting still for a long time.

The first time Miss Lindsay Williams painted the present Queen, Elizabeth was 11. The portrait showed her and Margaret, then six.

The two Princesses wore white dresses with colored sashes.

During the sittings they were as difficult to pin down to a pose as are most children. Their favorite way of whiling away the time was to tell stories, one of them beginning the story and then taking turns to continue it.

Before the Princesses left after their final sitting, Miss Williams asked them to sign her visitors' book.

The page is still there, and under Princess Margaret's name is the pencilled line Miss

Williams had to draw to make sure the six-year-old Princess kept her writing straight.

When the portrait was finished, reproductions were published in newspapers throughout the world.

One of the people who saw it was Mr. J. Witford Griffiths, who had worked as a boy for Miss Williams' father in Cardiff. He had left Cardiff 30 years before to seek his fortune, and in South Africa he had found it.

On a visit to England he bought the painting and presented it to the Union of South Africa. It now hangs in the National Gallery in Capetown.

Miss Williams thinks that it is the nicest thing that ever happened to any of her paintings.

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RADIANT COUPLE. David Playfair and his bride, formerly Marna White, leave the family church in the grounds of the bride's home, "Belltrees," Scone. David's brother, Edmund, is behind them. Color pictures of the wedding will appear next week.



OUTSIDE THE CHURCH. Captain and Mrs. David Macintyre, of "Kayuga," Muswellbrook, outside the family church at "Belltrees." Mrs. Macintyre wore a banana-yellow hat and black frock. Of the 250 guests, only 70 close family friends could be seated in the church.



SYDNEY GUESTS. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Saunders, of Bellevue Hill, were among the many young people who travelled from Sydney for the wedding. Mrs. Saunders' navy-blue picture hat matched her bouffant frock of navy sheer dotted in white.

Social Gettings

SISTER of the bride, vivacious Bettine White, caught the wedding bouquet thrown by Mrs. David Playfair as she stood with her husband on the landing of the beautiful cedar staircase of her home, "Belltrees," Scone.

At one of the most social weddings of the year, Morna, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim White, married David Playfair, youngest son of Brigadier and Mrs. T. A. J. Playfair, of Woollahra, at the family church. In perfect sunshine, after the wedding, the bride and groom walked 300 yards across a specially scythed field to the homestead, where the reception was held. Behind them, 250 guests—the women dressed in lovely gowns—trod their way. "It looks like the Members' Enclosure at Randwick, with all the familiar faces," said one of them. Bettine and her sister Primrose, who were bridesmaids, were thrilled with the gold link-

bracelets which David gave them. Coral bangles were given to the flowergirls, Erudence Capp and Jane Coombe.

IN the highly organised business of arranging such a wedding, Jim White and his attractive wife, Judy, left nothing to chance. A mechanic was standing by to repair guests' cars should they break down after travelling from near and far or over the dusty, winding 25 miles from Scone to "Belltrees."

The Bishop of Newcastle, The Right Reverend De Witt Batty, who is a close friend of the White family, arrived in time for lunch on the day. At the reception he gave the toast of "The Queen."

AS night fell, fires were lit in the downstairs rooms of the house, and during the reception guests wandered in from the pink silk-lined marquee to admire the wedding presents, which covered a full-sized billiard table.

Morna wore a charcoal-grey flannel suit, small white cloche hat, and a pink-and-white striped cravat for travelling on her honeymoon. After the guests had farewelled the bridal couple, they all stayed on to enjoy a luscious home-cooked supper at midnight and to dance until the small hours.

AFTER attending the Melbourne Show, Mrs. T. A. Field and her son, Ross, motored back to Sydney in time to greet Mrs. Field's eldest daughter, Heather, from Singapore. Heather, who is full of excitement, announced her engagement to Geoffrey Prockter, of Worthing, Sussex, during her stay. They will be married when Geoffrey arrives in Sydney in November, and after visiting his people in England they will settle in Singapore.

VICE-COMMODORE of Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Mr. Darcy Shelley, with Mrs. Hector Livingston at the opening of the Squadron's sailing season.

BABY talk . . . Joan and Mick Meagher, of Cootamundra, will call their ninth child—a daughter—Susan . . . the many Sydney friends of popular Melbourne couple Alec and Diana Creswick are sending their congratulations to them on the birth of a daughter . . . Alice Annabelle were the names given to the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Austin, of Humula Station, at her christening at St. John's, Wagga. Godparents are Pam Wilson, of Big Spring; Stuart Andrew, of Berembend Station; and Mrs. Bruce Higgins, who lent her home for a family party after the ceremony.

DATE for your diary . . . The Monster Barn Dance on Mr. Merv Best's farm at Glenorie on October 4. The dance, arranged by Glenorie R.S.L. Women's Auxiliary, will begin with a barbecue.

Anne



IN MELBOURNE. Miss Elizabeth Northcott (right) with the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks at the 21st birthday party of Anne Spraggett, daughter of Col. Richard Spraggett, private secretary to Sir Dallas, and Mrs. Spraggett.



LEAVING ST. CANICE'S. Rudi Fabian, of New York, and his bride, formerly Joan Buxton, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buxton, of Darling Point.



ENGAGED. Rosemary Turnbull, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, of Darling Point, and David Lloyd Jones, elder son of Sir Charles and Lady Lloyd Jones, of Woollahra. They plan to marry early next year.



FIRST NIGHT. Mrs. Vincent Fairfax (right) with Queenslanders Michael Perse, who has since returned to Oxford University, and Prun Ravin at the opening of Warwick Fairfax's play "Vintage for Heroes" at the Independent. Mrs. Fairfax's frock was of tobacco-brown lace.

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● The astonishing voice of Yma Sumac, 24-year-old Peruvian singer, which ranges happily over four octaves, has brought her from a village in the Andes to the world's great concert halls. She has just finished a tour of England and Europe.

Soared to fame in four octaves

CLAIMING the Royal blood of the Incan emperor Atahualpa, murdered in 1533, Yma Sumac recently fascinated British audiences when she sang at the Albert Hall, London.

Some of her songs, she says, were sung in Peru 2000 years ago.

Black-haired, green-eyed Yma recalls that as a girl of eight she was chanting ritual's before a crowd of 30,000 Peruvian Indian sun-worshippers 16,000 feet up in the Andes.

Still worshipped in Peru as a descendant of the Sun God, her name means "How Beautiful."

At 14, "How Beautiful" met and fell in love with 21-year-old native dancer Moises Vivanco.

Handsome, dashing Moises had his own company of dancers, singers, and musicians—the Compania Peruana de Arte.

He wanted Yma to star in his show as soon as he heard her sing, and Yma was eager to do so.

Her mother was against the idea, but finally gave her consent and Yma made her radio debut with a group early in 1942.

Bass, bass-baritone, tenor, and coloratura soprano are all within the range of her voice.

Overnight she was a success.

Yma celebrated by marrying Moises in a

civil ceremony at the foot of El Misti, beautiful Andean peak, and making a successful tour of Brazil, Argentina, Peru, Mexico, and Chile.

In 1947 she met Grace Moore, and at her suggestion went to America.

There Yma and Moises had little success until her first record album appeared in 1950. Now she tops the sales lists of recordings.

Moises is an authority on Incan music, and he composes and arranges his wife's songs.

Recordings of "Voice of Xtaby" and "Dance of the Moon Maidens" brought mounting sales, and legends about her multiplied.

Her concerts drew huge audiences in capital cities and in provincial towns. Yma Sumac was an international star.

There is no trace of the barefoot village girl in her stage appearances. She has a fabulous wardrobe. She says that every one of her gowns took at least a year to make. All have the symbol of the Peruvian Sun God worked into the design.

Yma Sumac is a surprise to meet. The voice and the legends don't prepare you for a soft-voiced young woman who likes Debussy and Mozart but sing "They Try To Tell Us We're Too Young."

Yma likes dining and dancing; doesn't train her voice; has never had a singing lesson; is amiable at home, but nervous backstage before each performance; is concerned about the set of her fabulous dresses; and talks softly of her three-year-old son, Papuchka.

YMA SUMAC, Peruvian singer, who claims to be a descendant of the Incas, outside a Paris cafe during her Continental concert tour (right). Her voice spans four octaves.



A FABULOUS WARDROBE is owned by Yma Sumac. This vivid corse cloak offsets her dark beauty. Her waist-length hair has never been cut.



DRESS REHEARSAL. Yma rehearses with her husband, Moises Vivanco, who accompanies her on the flute, while Andean drummers beat out a primitive rhythm. Mr. Vivanco adapts ancient Peruvian melodies for his wife to sing. Yma wears a peacock-blue satin dress modelled on a Peruvian sari.



GLITTERING cloak modelled on that of a high priest of the Incas is worn over a white tulle dress embroidered with a ruby and gold Sun God symbol on the midriff. The frock and cloak took a year to make.



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MOTHER



"I don't care if it WAS the smartest dress you ever had."

BUTCH



"I heard you, dear; you lassoed a robber. Now go back to bed and you can play some more to-morrow."

It seems to me

A FILM about Dame Nellie Melba is to be made in England shortly. Melba will be played (with a strong American accent) by American opera singer Patrice Munsel.

The director, American Lewis Milestone, said: "We are not attempting to re-create Melba. We are simply paying tribute to her as a great singer."

This explanation of the spirit of film biographies explains a great deal that has occurred ever since Charles Laughton's Henry VIII threw bones over his shoulder at the dinner table, and the late George Arliss brought off the Suez Canal deal for Queen Victoria.

It is, of course, unreasonable to be too carping about minor departures from fact in films concerning the great.

Life has a way of trailing on in a series of climaxes and anti-climaxes which are difficult to resolve into a dramatic whole for box-office purposes.

Nevertheless if Miss Patrice Munsel could just modify the edges of that American accent a trifle before she goes on to the soundtrack it would certainly forestall a few fits of apoplexy in this part of the English-speaking world.



Dorothy Drain

AS chairman of the Remington Rand Corporation, General MacArthur's civilian job certainly sounds comfortable.

According to a report from New York he spends from 11 till 4 each day ensconced in a 40ft. x 25ft. study in a Tudor-style castle on a Connecticut estate.

The company describes the castle as a place "where our executives can go and think and do their work without being bothered."

One doesn't begrudge General MacArthur some ease after

his long and distinguished military service, but doesn't it sound wonderful! If it were not for that phrase "and do their work" it would be perfect.

I like, too, the company's further comment that the General's duties (at £44,000-odd a year) involve the laying down of broad policies. Laying down broad policies in a luxurious ball-room size office must be heavenly.

It is implementing the narrow details which is such a bore, isn't it?

SOMETIMES you can't help feeling that they are the superior sex:—

The other day I took my electric iron to be repaired. The indicator thing which controls the thermostat had fallen off.

"I do hope it doesn't have to go back to the manufacturers," I said.

Wordlessly, the repair man picked up a screwdriver, cast me a grim glance, and twiddled a screw.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"That," he said, speaking for the first time, "is all."

However, it was a man who provided me with the exit line I should have used.

He suggested, "Why didn't you ask him if he could mend a three cornered tear?"

IN London, 68-year-old financier W. H. Maer recently unveiled a £250 monument to his cat, Mr. Tibb. He said, "When Mr. Tibb died, something went out of my life. I used to discuss all my big financial deals with him."

In some cat heaven Mr. Tibb relaxes, Talks with his cronies of his life on earth. Nothing is certain, only death and taxes, And Mr. Tibb, that cat of sterling worth, Feels he has earned release from money worries, About the market now no longer cares, "Though," he remarks, "I quite enjoyed the furries

And fluctuations of the stocks and shares." But when they ask him whence he drew his knowledge,

He slowly winks his cynical green eye: "Some call it flair; I never went to college, And, as for knowing when to sell and buy, I just meowed yes to all my master's hunches— 'Tis much the safest way to give advice. It paid me dividends in choice fish lunches And saved me untold trouble catching mice."

GOVERNOR ADLAI STEVENSON, Democratic candidate for the U.S. Presidency, is described by an American columnist as a brilliant and witty speaker.

In fact, the columnist hints, he may be almost too witty for his own good, since electors are sometimes a little nervous of wit.

However, actress Miss Tallulah Bankhead is quoted as saying, "I have never been so thrilled about a man since I first met John Barrymore 20 years ago."

Miss B. is not to be taken too lightly. Her derisive comments on Mr. Dewey ("Oh, so neat") were thought by some to have helped Mr. Truman win the last elections.

If Governor Stevenson makes the grade in November his victory could point the way to saving a lot of trouble and money four years hence.

Why go to all the bother of an elaborate electoral campaign? Americans could just ask Tallulah to choose a president.

DELIVERING the Pollock memorial lecture at Sydney University School of Physics last week, Professor H. S. W. Massey said that the science of physics was in a state of confusion.

New discoveries added to the confusion, he said. The last state of confusion lasted from 1912 to 1926.

I can't tell you how relieved I was to hear this.

Only last week I had resolved to buy an elementary school textbook on physics in order to repair a gap in my education which sometimes shows rather startlingly.

But if they can't make up their minds about what's right and what's wrong, I'll borrow a new detective story instead.

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Toast two slices of bread on one side only. Butter untoasted sides. Place sliced tomato and Kraft Cheddar on buttered side of one slice, and pickled onion and Kraft Cheddar on buttered side of other slice. Now put each slice under grill. While they are grill-

ing, toast a third slice of bread on both sides, and butter one side. Now place the grilled slices on top of each other, and put the plain toasted slice on top. There you have it - the double-decker supper sandwich - the hearty KRAFT "SIZZLER"

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Quick and easy to make in that early morning rush: Sliced Kraft Cheddar with shredded carrot and beetroot.

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Shred cucumber, carrot, crisp lettuce, toss with Kraft Mayonnaise. Trim crust from 6 slices wholemeal bread, 3 slices wholemeal bread, 3 slices white bread. Cover half the

wholemeal bread with slices of Kraft Cheddar, top with white slices. On these spread the salad filling, and cover with the wholemeal bread.

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THE KOKODA TRAIL



THE OWEN STANLEY TRACK. Thick, greasy mud, in which men sank to their boot-tops, covered the hazardous jungle trail which Australian soldiers trod in the Papuan campaign against the Japanese in 1942. The wartime pictures on these two pages were supplied by the Australian War Memorial, Canberra.

Rotting leaves fill fox-holes, jungle hides scars of war

By REG LUCKIE

Ten years ago this spring the Kokoda Trail in the heart of New Guinea's savage Owen Stanley Ranges was the scene of one of the great epics of human bravery and endurance.

September 28 is the anniversary of the battle of Ioribaiwa, when Australian troops routed Japanese invaders in the first successful land offensive of the Pacific War, and made the name of a remote Papuan ridge worthy of the deepest honor.

RECENTLY 13 men of the Papua and New Guinea Volunteer Rifles crossed the famous Kokoda Trail.

According to John Watson, an Australian journalist now working in Papua who went on the trek, the jungle is gradually hiding the scars of fighting.

The fox-holes are filling with rotting leaves and in the kunai grass lie the hulks of bombers.

Along the Kokoda Trail itself the P.N.G.V.R. found the rusting barrels of rifles, dropped by Australian soldiers killed or wounded in action. White ants had eaten the wooden stocks of the firearms long ago.

Science, however, has left its own monument in the steamy, sodden ranges. Army telephone wire covered with special plastic material to withstand the corrosion of the tropics is still in first-class condition.

At Kokoda, all is peaceful. District Officer Paul Severe and his wife and Patrol Officer John Frawley live on the plateau where a memorial has been erected to the memory of the men who died along the track.

Each day at dawn a native guard hoists and salutes the Blue Ensign, and lowers it at dusk.

But, wrote John Watson, the P.N.G.V.R. advance party

passed through Ioribaiwa without recognising it.

"We eventually reached Mr. P. J. McDonald's rubber plantation at Sogeri at 8 p.m. on the sixth day of our march," added Watson. "Mr. McDonald, who stayed on his plantation during the war, welcomed us into his home."

"For him, it was reminiscent of the days when the slouched hat columns swung past his house on their way to Ioribaiwa Ridge to halt the Japanese advance."

The Kokoda Trail is 63 air miles long. A plane can traverse the distance in a bare 20 minutes. From above, the fiercely precipitous jungle looks like nothing so much as a vast expanse of closely packed cabbages.

Down among the moss and fungus rain-forests, the bamboo thickets and the giant trees and lianas, distance is measured in walking hours, not miles.

The P.N.G.V.R. detachment, clad in jungle greens, and carrying rations, completed their exercise in six days.

The A.I.F. and militiamen who, unaided by any other troops, shattered completely the myth of the "invincible" Jap jungle fighter in 1942 took 35 terrible days to cover the same distance in reverse.

They were pitted against a fanatical and cunning enemy hidden in the secret green gloom. It was like fighting the invisible man.

There is on record the

occasion on which an Australian was run through the arm by a bayonet which was welded by an assailant he never saw.

Even more deadly than the Japanese were the diseases of scrub typhus and malaria.

After the attack on Ioribaiwa, the nearest point to strategic Port Moresby reached by the invaders, the Australians recaptured on November 2 the bombed and wrecked village of Kokoda, which had been evacuated the previous July.

Then, after bitter, cruel, and

tenacious close-at-hand encounters for another two months, they annihilated the dug-in Japanese garrisons on the swampy northern shores of the island.

During the war I went to Kokoda the easy way, but a short while ago, listening to reminiscences at a reunion in Sydney of a few survivors of the 2/2 Battalion, I shared the world of their experience.

The 2/2 Battalion was, of course, only one of the many units involved in the long and tortuous campaign.

"Aboard our troopship on the way to Moresby that September the word got around that the position was so desperate we could expect to fight our way ashore," said Dick Goodfellow, of Manly, N.S.W.

Goodfellow, who was in the Battalion Intelligence section, spent his 20th birthday during a pause in the advance along the Kokoda Trail in a spot which, a little earlier, had been a Japanese staging camp.

"We found out later, though,



1942 - Sheltering from the sun beneath the wings of a plane, wounded soldiers wait on an airstrip "somewhere in New Guinea" to be evacuated to Port Moresby.

... ten years after



ARMY SIGNAL WIRE, laid during the advance along the Kokoda Trail, remains in the now peaceful setting of the ridges as a reminder of the jungle battle.

that the Japs would not fight in the open," he added. "They were all right so long as they had the drop on you from above—even schoolboys can sit down hidden behind a log and fire away—but in open combat they certainly were not supermen."

"Our progress was a day-by-day drag through mud and rain," broke in Paul McMahon, of Auburn, N.S.W. "At one stage the track was so greasy and precipitous it took an hour to move about 30 or 40 yards. You would go forward three feet and slip back one."

Dick Goodfellow continued: "At night we were in Stygian darkness, as they say in books. The only glimmer came from weird phosphorescent fungus. No fires were allowed even by our positions away."

"I think our happiest day was at Eora Creek, when the order came: 'The advance will continue and troops may light fires to make tea.'"

"The two main things that



REUNION—Veterans Dick Goodfellow (left), Jack Jourdain, and Dick Pye talk about old times in New Guinea at a reunion in Sydney.

occupied our minds' most of the time were tobacco and food. We were down to one cigarette per section of eight men. You passed it round, two puffs a time.

"We also smoked tea-leaves wrapped in any kind of paper available," he added. "There were many letters from home used as cigarette papers."

"The mail arrangements were really wonderful. You could write a letter only, say, 50 yards from the Japs, and get a reply back from the mainland in a matter of days."

"I mentioned the tobacco shortage to my mother once, and in her reply she sent half an ounce of fine cut teased out and scattered through the

pages. When that arrived it was a big event for my mates and myself.

"The biscuit-bombing boys hadn't got into their stride then. They used to dump supplies out of the planes without parachutes, and more often than not the stuff would be smashed to smithereens."

"I have seen chaps pick up a piece of biscuit no bigger than a penny and eat it surreptitiously so that they wouldn't have to share it with their mates."

"That's right," cut in Jack Jourdain, who is still in the Army as a sergeant, stationed at Moorebank, N.S.W. "Some of us even scooped up powdered milk lying on the ground with our fingernails."

"I would like to see the natives get a mention for their part in the show," he added.

"Yes, I had a great ride back with them after I was wounded," said Dick Pye, of Concord, N.S.W. "They looked after me like a woman and carried a banana leaf over my head as an umbrella. There was just nothing they wouldn't do for you to make you comfortable."

"Then there was the Salvation Army bloke, Captain McCabe—who is just back from Korea. He used to hump tins of kero on his back to make tea for the wounded, and, believe me, carrying kero in that country was some effort."

"And the R.C. padre who was killed later. He was a marvel."

"He nearly buried me once," Pye added with a grin. "I was lying in a casualty clearing station with a blan-



FAMOUS WARTIME PICTURE of a blinded Digger being led by a "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angel" vividly recalls sacrifices and shining courage that were commonplace during the Papuan campaign. The picture was taken by Australian photographer George Silk.

ket right over me to keep out the sun, and he thought I was dead. But he pulled the blanket off my face and I looked up and winked. 'Hullo. Must have the wrong man,' he said."

Eric Hewitt, of Naremburn, N.S.W., kept a diary in which, day by day, he made a hasty record of the 2/2 Battalion's push over the ranges. Hewitt's staccato notes, some of which he allowed me to copy, are most vivid:

"Oct. 20. Very foggy and wet. Reminds the old hands of Verria, Greece. Reach starting point. Usual nervous feeling in the guts. Lads okay. 1100 hrs, and we move forward . . . Charlie and myself forward scouts . . . Glaxo evidently putting his faith in the old gang. The kids will feel better when they get stuck into it."

"Charlie and I find the body of an Aussie . . . too wary to be caught like that, we avoid the body. It's on. Hell let loose as they discover us. Saplings mowed down like grass. Their fixed lines pour it on us. Pinned to ground. Start 'quick flanking' movement to force Nips to fall back. Young—cops it, then—and—Many wounded."

"Things quieten down a trifle. Have time to make a survey. Tommy missing. I think he copped it. Charlie warns me of their woodpecker. I move smartly away. Up

above five others cop the burst. Then sniper gets—and—Oyster McNally only man left in 4 section."

"Jack Blamey lines up the Bren gunners . . . the whole 10 of them and they pour lead into the mulga down below. Towards evening things get quiet. Hell, we lost a team of good Diggers to-day. Dig in for the night. Rain."

When the 2/2 Battalion was eventually pulled out of the fighting, only 80 men were left on their feet.

The total Australian battle casualties from the opening of the Papuan campaign until March 21, 1943, were 6212, of whom 2379 were killed or missing.

A single Victoria Cross was awarded during the entire Owen Stanleys action—to Bruce Steel Kingsbury, of Victoria, during a defensive stand at Isavura on August 29, 1942. It was matched, on September 4, by that won by Queenslander John Alexander French, in the repulse of the Japanese landing at Milne Bay. Both awards were made posthumously.

Osmar White, an Australian newspaper man who won distinction for his brilliant reporting through the war, said this in one of his dispatches from Papua:

"The full story of this great struggle will never be known. Many of the greatest deeds were done by men who fought and fell unseen behind

a wall of green. Many who could have told of the deeds of others were themselves killed a few days later, their stories untold."

Dick Goodfellow told me of an incident which graphically bears out Osmar White's statement.

"I was out alone at one stage," he said, "and I came to a clearing where there was a scene I will never forget. There was a group of dead Australians lying there. They had been killed in an attack on a Jap fortified position."

"Way out ahead of them, close up against a dead Japanese, and in front of the Jap stockade, was the body of an Australian corporal. He had gone out ahead of his mates, sacrificing his life in a singlehanded attempt on the enemy position."

"If ever there has been silent evidence of bravery, there it was."

"I took his identification disc and paybook. I can still see his regimental number and his name. He was a Western Australian."

Ten years after the fighting in the jungles of Papua there are men all over Australia who, like those of the 2/2 Battalion, can also look back and remember.

Their story—the story of all the units involved in the campaign—is of magnificent achievement, and, with humility, I pay tribute to them.



952—Nurse carriers who accompanied P.N.G.F.R. men on their Owen Stanley trek this year have a spell beneath the nose of an abandoned American bomber that lies rotting on a disused airstrip.

SUMMER COTTONS

● These three models, with a great deal of fashion interest, are designed for summer living and a round of day and evening activities. They're all cotton.



● Golden-yellow cotton one-piece, above, with one of the season's newest style points, a sleeveless bodice. The skirt has unpressed pleats. A straw boater completes the ensemble.



● One-piece made in cotton shirting, left, has a wide-cut portrait neckline, moulded bodice zipped up the front, and moderate skirt fullness. Note cap of white yellow-centred daisies.

● Pure white cotton organdie veils blush-rose pink in the slim model, right, designed by Schiaparelli. Tailored organdie bands trim the bodice, peplum, and hemline.



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Larry Adler goes highbrow

From our London office

Larry Adler aims to put the homely harmonica in the concert hall as a serious musical instrument.

When he gave the British premiere of Ralph Vaughan-Williams' *Romance for Harmonica and Orchestra* in the Albert Hall, London, last month, Larry at least proved that he has outgrown the St. Louis Blues type of musical fare which has brought him his bread and butter for the past 24 years.



HARMONICA-PLAYER
Larry Adler rehearses Vaughan-Williams' *Romance for Harmonica* with Daniel Suidenberg.

LARRY ADLER didn't learn to read music until 1938, ten years after he had started his career as a professional harmonica player. But he told me that since the day he blew his first note he had believed the harmonica had unexploited possibilities.

"Vaughan-Williams got interested in the harmonica because it was, as he put it, the only wind instrument that can play melodic intervals and chords," said Adler.

In fact, it was the 80-year-old dean of British composers who first approached the younger man with a plan to write for the harmonica.

"It was at a West End party, just after I'd entertained some guests," Adler recollected.

"Sir Stuart Wilson, director of music at Covent Garden, came up to me and said that 'Uncle Rafe' would like to hear me play. I hadn't the faintest idea who Uncle Rafe was, but I soon learned, to my delight."

At their first meeting, in

Adler's home at St. John's Wood, London, the old composer agreed to rescore his "Lark Ascending" and oboe concerto for harmonica.

Some months later, while he was on a concert tour in Sweden, Adler received a letter from Sir Stuart telling him that Vaughan-Williams had decided to discard the previous plan and write a completely original work.

"He also asked me to send Vaughan-Williams a diagram of the harmonica and an exposition of its capabilities," Adler said.

"I had previously done this for Darius Milhaud, when he wrote a harmonica suite for me."

"When I returned to England, Vaughan-Williams had finished the score and asked for my comments."

"After looking it over, I told him I felt that certain lyric possibilities should have been better developed."

"All right," he replied, "I'll rewrite it for you once. I might even rewrite it a second time. But, let me warn you, if you have any complaints after that I'll rescind it for the bass tuba."



VETERAN BRITISH COMPOSER Ralph Vaughan-Williams pastes down revisions suggested by Larry Adler in the score of *Vaughan-Williams' Romance for Harmonica*. Adler took this picture at his home in London.

A second revision was not necessary. Vaughan-Williams arrived at the Adler home one night with the original score and a number of revisions he had written on strips of paper.

"We spent the evening cutting out sections of the work and pasting his revisions over the deleted parts," Adler chuckled. "I never had so much fun in my life."

Adler, though an American, has lived in England for the past two years. He met his wife, Eileen, in England during a concert tour and they were married at Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, in April, 1938.

A few weeks after the wedding, Adler signed with the Tivoli circuit for a 12-week engagement in Australia. The tour lasted nine months, however, and, as a result, the Adlers' first child, Carole, now 12, was almost born in Australia.

"I'm particularly fond of Australia, because I played in my first symphony concert in the Town Hall, Sydney, in 1938," Adler said.

"It was a concert for the relief of bush-fire victims."

"At a rehearsal, Peter Code, the conductor, lent over during the second movement of the transcribed Vivaldi Concerto and asked me if I would like to take a partamento."

"I had never heard the term before."

That was when Adler decided to learn to read music.

He has had a bid from his old friend Eugene Goossens to go to Australia.

"Unfortunately," he said, "the Australian public knows me chiefly as a variety artist, and I would like to return as a concert artist."

"I still get fan mail from Australians who apparently think of me as the exponent of 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.'"

Adler told me he is working on musical science.

He added: "No matter how much the world's conventional composers, like Vaughan-Williams, write for the harmonica, the definitive work must be written some day by me."

"I want to prepare for that day."

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WHEAT CRUNCH

Tiny house and a tree grew together



BOMBED OUT IN 1940, Mrs. Edith Binge, London widow, with the few possessions left to her after a bomb exploded in the yard of her house.



MRS. BINGE at the door of the rooms she had rebuilt from the ruins. The tree torn up from the garden and replanted was beginning to shoot.



TWELVE YEARS LATER, Mrs. Binge, who lives on a pension of 35/- a week, returns to her modest cottage from a shopping tour. She often went hungry to buy cement or sand, but now she has a comfortable home.



COBBLING in the sun. Mrs. Binge in the cemented yard of her house, now weatherproof and comfortable. She grows vegetables in the border under the windows.

Londoner rebuilt her bombed home herself

By IRENE HANSTATTER, of our London staff

In a comfortable, two-roomed cottage in one of the poorest districts in London lives an elderly woman who is an inspiration to the determined and a reproach to grumblers and sluggards.

SHE is 74-year-old Mrs. Edith Binge, a five-foot nothing, frail-looking widow, of 417a Old Ford Road, Bow, and she has rebuilt with her own hands two rooms of her bombed seven-roomed home.

The task has taken 12 years, and in that time a tree salvaged from the ruins of her garden kept pace with the house.

In 1940 a high-explosive bomb landed in the yard of the house where Mrs. Binge brought up her two sons, both now married.

Her lovely garden, with its 43 rose-bushes, was a smoking crater.

The house was almost completely shattered. Mrs. Binge was in bed at the time; the blast flung her out, but she was not injured.

When kindly air-raid wardens came to take her to a rest centre, Mrs. Binge refused to move.

She told them, "Winston Churchill has said, 'Stay put,' and so I shall. You can't make me move."

She rigged a tarpaulin over a couple of shaky brick walls and began to rebuild almost immediately.

She was doing it to make a home for her son Leonard, who was in the Army.

Edith was a strong woman then. She sorted out from the rubble all that remained of their old possessions and stored them in a shed which she rigged up.

When an oil bomb fell on the shed and destroyed the family piano and some other loved possessions, Edith Binge did not cry. She shook her work-worn fist at the skies from which had rained down so much destruction, and picked up a saw to cut timber.

Another time, dressed in

sweater and slacks, she was making a slate roof when the dread sound of a V1 guided missile cutting out its engine before the fall seemed to be immediately above her head.

She jumped, catching one side of her trousers on a nail in the chimney stack.

When she landed on the ground she wore only one trouser-leg.

The bomb fell a few streets away.

Out of a pension of 35/- a week Mrs. Binge bought sand and cement, a saw, hammer, paint, and other builders' and decorators' requirements.

She got some war-damage compensation, but it was not enough to cover buying these tools and materials and also the little pieces of furniture she wanted.

Sand or bread?

SO she went without food.

When it was a choice between sand or bread, sand won.

Anyone who came into the place met a cheerful, sweet-tempered woman, admired her, but never guessed that she was hungry.

Mrs. Binge mixed the sand and cement and filled in the gaping crater in the garden, arranging a strip of earth all round the cement and a square bed in the centre in which she could grow flowers and vegetables.

She cleaned bricks from debris, sorted and cut timber.

She sat up at nights planning—in her head, for she did no paper work—the size, shape, and decoration of her home.

Then she began to build—brick on brick, layer upon layer of cement. For the ceiling and some of the walls she used sheet tin—mostly from factory throw-outs—and painted over it. The ceiling of her bedroom is of



ONE OF THE TWO ROOMS salvaged by Mrs. Binge. Family portraits, including those of two sons and their families, adorn the dressing-table and the walls.

tin pressed into flower patterns, which she has painted cream. It looks very pretty.

Her window-frames she cut out of old, bombed doors. The glass she cut herself with an old diamond glasscutter that had belonged to her husband.

She made two main rooms, a sitting-room and a bedroom. There are facilities for cooking in a corner of the bedroom and in a shed. There is another large shed of corrugated-iron in which she keeps the neatly stacked remains of the bombed, charred timber.

She cannot afford to buy coal, so she spends all her free time cutting the wood into uniform small logs and chips suitable for her small fireplace.

A settee in the bedroom was once a car seat and now has a green cover. Cushions, of which there are plenty, for Mrs. Binge likes to be comfortable, she made from ruined ciderdowns.

She builds the cabinets herself.

One extravagance

HER pride, she says, are her windows. She has spent really more than she can afford on curtaining them prettily, and she has made wooden pelmets herself.

Yearly she repaints the whole place. Last year blue was the main color, this year it is green.

Mrs. Binge also did the plumbing and electrical work. The water pipes, she says, are put in very untidily although they are effective. So she cements round them, covers them up with tin and then bright paint.

She mends her own shoes and gardens successfully. Because tomatoes are always expensive in London, she grows them from seed.

Green fingers

MRS. BINGE must have what are known as "green fingers," as she saved the tree which was torn up by its roots by the first bomb and replanted it by the side of her "house." Although people told her it would never "take," it is now thriving.

In that area of rows of decaying houses and sprawling factories and workshops it is the loveliest and perhaps the only green thing for a long way.

Mrs. Binge's reward for all her work is the comfort and privacy she has in her home. Her son, Leonard, lived with her for only a few months after his demobilisation until he married. Now her only companion is a budget-gar to whom she is devoted.

Factories have been built all round the little home. A few years ago, the management of one tried to have Mrs. Binge shifted so that they could build on her ground. They failed.

The workmen are her friends. But after they have shouted out "Good-night, sweetheart" to her and are gone for the night she feels lonely, especially as the nearest house is quite far away.

So she padlocks her freshly painted green front door, sees with satisfaction that the steel mesh is tight over her little window, and goes to the shed to saw and chop the wood for winter fuel.

lovely to see for mothers to-be!

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MEMBERS of the cast of "Vintage for Heroes" between acts. From left: Lendall Harbour, Charles Tasman, John Ewart, Paul McNaughton. MR. WARWICK FAIRFAX makes his curtain speech after the first night at the Independent Theatre, North Sydney, of his play.



Mink, lavish costumes at new play opening

The lavish production of Mr. Warwick Fairfax's latest play, "Vintage For Heroes," is being received with interest by Sydney society and with something like envy by Little Theatre circles.

Mr. Fairfax, who is governing-director of "The Sydney Morning Herald," has in recent years begun to devote a good deal of his time and some of his wealth to fostering the drama.

THE Fairfax family has for several generations been closely associated with the newspaper, civic, and cultural life of Sydney.

It is a new departure for a member of the family to be actively associated with the theatre.

After a glittering premiere at the Independent Theatre, North Sydney, "Vintage for Heroes" is now enjoying a four weeks' season.

The settings, by Desmond Downing, are most elaborate.

The attractive costumes were designed by Ethel Gabriel and Mrs. Warwick Fairfax. Mrs. Fairfax was an artist before her marriage.

She provided potted azaleas to decorate the entrance to the theatre.

At the opening night the dressing of the audience matched the expensive mounting of the play.

Women wore their most elaborate furs and jewels. There were several mink coats in the audience.

Nearly every man present wore a black tie.

There wasn't a velvetreen jacket or a pair of suede shoes in the whole of the theatre.

Mr. Chips Rafferty was one of the few theatricals present. First rehearsals of the play were held in the luxurious boardroom of the "Herald."

Mr. Martin Long, of the "Herald," wrote the incidental music for the play, and Mr. Clem Seal, also of the "Herald," designed the programme.

Mr. Lindsey Browne, the "Herald" drama critic, attended as a member of the audience. Mr. Browne is growing a beard.

"Vintage for Heroes" is being produced on a fully professional basis.

Mr. Fairfax has taken over the Independent Theatre for four weeks and plans to present his play four nights weekly.

Profits, if any, will go to charity.

The Independent Theatre management, naturally, is not willing to disclose the salaries Mr. Fairfax is paying his actors.

But as most Little Theatre actors generally perform for nothing, all members of the cast were delighted to be chosen.

"Vintage for Heroes" was tentatively titled "Frogs and Crows." It then became "On To the Beautiful" before its final title was decided on.

Mr. Fairfax has long been interested in the theatre, although until recent years his preference was for the ballet rather than the drama.

He made his dramatic debut inconspicuously two years ago.

His first play, "A Victorian Marriage," had its premiere at his home at Bellevue Hill, and it later had a season at the St. James' Hall, Sydney.

Mr. Fairfax has written two more plays which he hopes will eventually be produced.

The background of one is modern Sydney, complete with blackouts. The other is in the nature of a fantasy based on what the world would be if a ray were invented which could make the use of explosives impossible.

He has also written a one-act farce.

The hero of "Vintage For Heroes" is a journalist who is the reincarnation of a Roman warrior.

The basic theme is the platonic idea that the soul becomes progressively stronger and purer in its successive reincarnations.

The cowardly warrior of the third century B.C. has, after the lapse of 23 centuries, become the courageous journalist of the 20th.

"Vintage For Heroes" would be appreciated fully only by people with a classical education.

Most of those who merely struggled through a few books of the Gallic Wars would find some of the references "all Greek to them."

During a rather long scene-change on the opening night someone in the audience muttered: "I wonder when the next edition is coming out?"

After enthusiastic cries of "author, author" from the audience, Mr. Fairfax made a curtain speech.

"A tragedy of this type demands great resources from producer and players," he said. "I feel that the cast has a good understanding of the ideas I am trying to express."

Asked his opinion of the play, the producer, Dr. Raoul Cardamatis, said:

"Production is my concern, and I think I have done a good job."

"As for the play itself, it is a philosophic play which has a surrealist epilogue. That is something new in the theatre, but it may be something good."

The cast generally was enthusiastic about the play, although as actors they were a

trifle daunted by the many long philosophic discussions.

"I think Mr. Fairfax will eventually write a great human tragedy," one of them said. "There is no doubt he can write. The scene of Marcella's death is a superb piece of writing."

Another actor thinks of Mr. Fairfax as having a mind "attuned to Aldous Huxley." This is probably because of the reincarnation theme in the play.

Other members of the cast found it more difficult to be vocal about "Vintage for Heroes."

"If a play is a classic you know whether it is good or bad," one of them said. "I don't know about this one yet."

The cast was well drilled and was remarkably at home in the third century B.C.

However, they were a little ill at ease with their quotations from original Greek and Roman poetry, and once or twice sighed audibly with relief when they successfully reached the end of their speeches.

The quotations from the original must have troubled the audience slightly, too.

There wouldn't be many people in a Sydney audience who would appreciate humor based on the fact that Sappho did not write in Ionian Greek.

Although the play is a tragedy, Mr. Fairfax's forte may be comedy.

The scene with Minnie Love as a rollicking Greek matron was the most lively and in some ways the most convincing in the play.



YOUNG ACTRESSES Rosamund Waring, left, and Diana Davidson played the feminine leads. The play is set in the third century, B.C.

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SUMMER SHEERS

● Sheers, drifting and diaphanous, are a fashionable fabric again this summer. Below are four models designed for the ballroom.



● Desses designed this enchanting white chiffon dress and used sharp color contrast for the high-low cummerbund and matching stole.



● Dier's rose-red ball gown, above left, in a silky sheer. The model has low-placed pleating, a strapless bodice-top, and a long matching stole.

● The new torso bodice-line and swirling ruffles are combined, left, in Carven's white organza evening dress. She named the model "Fleur Blanche."

● Paquin's summer-green tulle evening dress, right, has a fine screen of silver embroidery. The matching wrist-length gloves have a ruffle trim.



DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep



● To-day's travel and holiday fashions should be a beautifully integrated group of clothes equally chic at home or away. My suggestions are planned to help the summer vacationer with clothes for a local or interstate holiday, a flight, a cruise, or a week-end by the sea.

THERE is not a holiday place in the world where you won't need at least one party dress. Versatile planning is a trio of two skirts plus one top.

Have one skirt floor-length and slim in straw-yellow taffeta and the other bouffant and street-length in the same shade of coarse cotton lace. The top—a straw-yellow taffeta halter.

Top fashion for a "setting-out" ensemble and good fashion for any holiday is the coat-dress team. One is illus-

COAT AND DRESS obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Coat requires 6yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6. Dress requires 3yds. 36in. material, with 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

trated left. Coat and dress are designed to go together, but can be parted to advantage.

Material and color suggestion: Blond cotton shirting for dress, vandyke-brown and white check cotton for coat, trim on dress, and tiny hat, shoes dark red leather, gloves and handbag vandyke-brown.

For the beach or on a deck, a matched threesome, pale or dark, is practically a wardrobe in itself, and is adaptable to many uses. The threesome? Halter-neck shirt, narrow knee-length shorts, and skirt full and tied to one side. Make or have made a matching headkerchief and wear it pirate fashion, knotted over one ear. Material: Cotton. Color: Pink in any shade from coral to raspberry.

Almost every holiday, particularly a city holiday, needs a cool, dark, informal daytime dress, the type that looks just as right at home as it does in the streets of Rome. My choice in this category is a soft shirt of café au lait silk and a matching skirt, joined together with a blond calf belt. Shoes, deep red leather; bag and gloves, vandyke-brown.

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● **NOTE:** Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 28. Fashions may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frock, 21, 22, Sydney.

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TIDE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 1, 1952



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LONDON TALK

By Michael Plant

THIS is holiday week and London is full of the bustle of travellers in transit.

Hotel porters are being driven mad by Americans clamoring for labels to stick on their suitcases, and Londoners, brown as berries, are returning from Riviera sunshine moaning because the £25 sterling travel allowance has cut short their holidays.

TOPLINE model Barbara Goalen brought this cute fashion suggestion back from Spain:

"Don a black sweater, shorts, and heavy belt; wrap round the shoulders one lightly woven straw mat and tuck the fringed ends through the belt in front."

Barbara, of course, is the sort of girl who looks wonderful in anything, so don't say I didn't warn you.

AUSTRALIA'S No. 1 play-boy Charles Hardy is back from a fortnight's cruise in the Mediterranean.

Charles said the best party on the Riviera was given by Australian Countess of Kenmare on the marble-columned terrace of her new house at Cap Ferrat.

Among those gulping champagne were Elsa Maxwell, Ginger Rogers, and Garbo, who, with her inevitable floppy hat, dark glasses, and lisle stockings, has become Europe's biggest bore.

The Countess amused her guests by changing her dress three times during the evening—from a full-length black Dior to a white Balmain ballerina-length to a simple little Jacques Fath playsuit to serve bacon and eggs at dawn.

Friends of Frank O'Neill, the Countess' son-in-law, will be interested to hear that he is still giving swimming lessons, and to be nearer the sea is living in the lodge.

HERE is a depressing thought if you are toying with the idea of coming over here for the Coronation. I have been inquiring about the price of a room with a view—a special view admittedly, since it overlooks the Coronation route in Pall Mall.

The price for one day is £1000 sterling. The agent shamefacedly added that free champagne was provided.

Worth Reporting

A CHARMING elderly American woman is finding the ways of the world rather strange after living a hermit's life for the past 20 years.

She is Sister Dhammadinna, a Buddhist nun, who is visiting Australia to explain the word of Buddha to anyone who is interested.

Sister Dhammadinna came from Ceylon, where she has lived in silence and meditation in hermitages in the hills and jungle.

Her name means "giver of spiritual law."

"It seems to be my Karma to come and teach the doctrine of Buddha," she said in her throaty voice, laced with the accents of several countries.

"Karma is cause and effect. It is like your Australian boomerang—you throw it out and it comes back to you. If you throw out good it returns in the form of happiness."

Twenty-five years ago Sister Dhammadinna was a pleasure-loving American socialite, granddaughter of an oil magnate. She was educated in Paris, where she lived with her grandmother.

During her extensive travels she met in China a German Buddhist monk who taught her the Buddhist doctrine.

"I studied night and day for four years in China under my wonderful teacher, and for nearly a year in Japan," she said. "Then I made the great renunciation. I gave up title, wealth, and hopes of marriage."

Claiming that she had never been happier, Sister Dhammadinna would not divulge any further details of her former worldly life.

"That is all in the past," she told us. "Nothing really matters now as long as I get the word of Buddha across."

Outward signs of her renunciation are her closely shaven head and flowing saffron robes. Her head is partly covered with a knotted saffron handkerchief and her feet are sandal-shod.

She swathed a brown cloak round her brilliant robes, as she is diffident about attracting too much attention.

She plans to establish a Buddhist house in San Francisco.

Grandma's stylish beachwear

A PAGE from the past—to be exact, part of the social page of the "Daily Telegraph," January 6, 1909—was sent to us by Mrs. A. Kidney, of Bondi Junction, Sydney.

Her husband found it when cleaning out an old tool chest, she said.

One item on the yellowed sheet hit us in the eye. It was a sketch of a "modern" bathing beauty whose garb would make the bronzed, bikini-clad beach girls of to-day blush for their grandmothers.

The caption describing Miss 1909's commodious, multiplicated garment (worn, of course, with black stockings) said:

"Bathing suit of cream silk, finished mohair, the best material for bathing dresses. The water runs off this material without in any way spoiling its appearance."



"... and now, friends, a word about your complexion ..."

SOME friends had occasion to board out their parrot when they went away for a short holiday recently.

So that his regular diet would not be interrupted, Cocky set out for his new abode armed with his rations—a pot of jam (his favorite is melon-and-lemon), a stack of cracker biscuits, and half-a-dozen eggs.

He has his eggs fried, preferably with a little bacon, and he eats from a silver teaspoon.



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YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN

New Australian boys give their opinions about Australian girls

"THERE must be something wrong," said the young Spaniard, shaking his head in mystification. "All these beautiful girls I see walking along the streets and they have time to play tennis!"

He was one of the young foreigners whose opinions were gathered to find out what New Australian boys think of Australian girls.

Their opinions can be reduced to this: (1) While Australian girls are splendid pals, as women they don't exist; (2) They are long on looks and friendliness and short on charm and cooking.

As another Spaniard put it: "They are lovely, these girls, but they can't cook. And we have a proverb that a fish is held by the mouth—and so is a man."

Zyszek is one of three Polish boys I talked to. He is 21, a university student, and has been in Australia for three and a half years.

"Australian girls are extremely attractive, but they lack Continental charm," he said.

"Their figures compare most favorably with Continental girls, who tend to be stocky and thick-set."

"To say that Australian girls are cold would be hard on them. But they certainly lack coquetry."

Zyszek's friend, Wladek, endorsed this. "But they are such good companions—it's like being with another boy—that this makes up for the lack of coquetry," he said.

Their younger friend, Kreystof, admitted he was amazed when he first went to a beach in Australia.

"Never in my life did I see so many beautiful girls all at once," he said.

He thinks that country girls are much nicer than their city sisters.

"City girls, nearly every second night they want to go to the pictures and so on, and they dress and paint themselves like Susan Hayward," he explained. "But country girls are kinder and quite unspoilt."

These three Poles were exceptional among the boys I talked to in not having difficulty in meeting Australian girls.

"They are attracted to foreigners as people are to animals in a zoo," said Zyszek. "And they expect foreigners to be romantic."

"Yes," agreed Wladek, "to be a success you just have to say you have been in Paris."

This supported the contention last week that Australian girls think all Frenchmen are glamorous—a statement that brought a grimace from a young Frenchman who has been here for eight months. He finds Australian girls "not at all interesting."

"They are good-looking until they are 25, but after that it's scarce to see a nice-looking woman," he said.

"Mostly they lack culture and know nothing of literature or music."

FROM the recording sessions by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra last April and May, H.M.V. has made an initial release of three works. Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre," battered veteran though it is, takes on a new lease of life on ED1213. Turina's "Sinfonia Sevillana" (ED1210/12), richly ornate music of the Spanish school, is recorded with a fidelity equal to anything on microgroove. Beethoven's Second Symphony in D major (ED1206/9) is played with power and assurance. If you've ever doubted

DISC DIGEST

Australian musicianship and recording, don't miss hearing these discs. They're considerably less expensive than their imported equivalents, too, and that suits me!

ALTHOUGH "Delicado" appears to be the drawing side on Columbia's DO3519, I enjoyed the reverse side better. It's "Would You." Vocalist is Peter Hanley, and I'll be wanting to hear him again.

FRANKIE LAINE'S got a new girl, Doris Day, for DO3522. On one side is "Sugarbush," a cute little jingle. Reverse, "How Lovely Cooks the Meat," is an unusual number with Doris taking the slow verses and Frankie bouncing into the fast choruses.

A NEW Danny Kaye record is always an event, and, since his latest is from "South Pacific," it is doubly so. Danny couples "There Is Nothin' Like a Dame" and "Honey Bun." Decca Y6382. —BERNARD FLETCHER.



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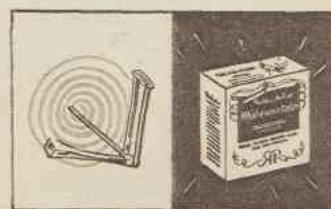
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where.

The MIRRADOO ROCKS

An Australian short story
By **PATRICK WINN**

FAR into the night Talgeel lay awake, hugging the darkness and the silence to herself. Over and over again she told herself that she should have known—she had known—that this would happen. What more could she expect? It had been impressed on her in a thousand subtle ways since childhood that a half-caste . . . She bit her lips in the darkness as she thought of that, close to tears for the first time at the realisation of what the word implied. She had to cling hard to the memory of what she had been taught at the Mission School: that goodness, unselfishness, and honesty were the things that counted, not the color of one's skin.

It was so hard to realise oneself as a half-caste, though. Talgeel had seen white girls, fresh from the beaches, whose bodies were darker than the clear warm tan of her own.

For a rebellious few moments she considered herself critically. Her hair, dull black, had a soft wave in it. Her mouth a little heavy in the lips, perhaps. Nose? Quite an ordinary—nose. She turned restlessly, sick with misery and hopelessness.

There were other indications, secret, personal signs of which she alone knew. Her awareness of them was too vague and formless for her to recognise as actual thoughts, but they were things like her sensuous love of fire-warmth, her half superstitious fear and respect for the mysterious darkness of night, and her feeling of awe for the Mirradoo Rocks. That last was the most inexplicable. After all, she knew they were only rocks worn smooth by age. She had never been able to decide whether she feared them or not, but there was something uncanny about their brooding timelessness, some special significance.

What did it matter what she looked like? There were always other things. She was half aboriginal.

Actually, her critical assessment of herself was too harsh. The full red lips which she considered too heavy were really beautiful, well-shaped, and generous in their clean curve. And her nose was small, well-modelled, with fine, sensitive nostrils. Other people saw her as a fine girl, with exquisite lines to her body, blossoming into the promise of womanhood.

When she first came from the mission she had been known as Kate. It was Julie, dear, laughing Julie, who had learned her tribal name and trained on her being known by it.

Talgeel. In her unhappiness to-night she hated the sound of it, with its constant reminder of her mixed blood.

She had been twelve when she came to work on the station, Julie three years older. The two girls had grown up together in friendliness and love, closer than many sisters, and in the warm open-heart-

edness of the Stanton household she had been made to feel one of themselves. Or almost so. She would not have wanted equality with Julie. She was too filled with adoring love for her employers' daughter to ever think of equality. But their friendship had been very close.

It was because she had been brought up as one of the family that she came into contact with Barry Kerrigan. Ever since he had come to the station as overseer, living at the homestead, they had been good friends. Barry's lean, weather-tanned face had a lot of boyishness in it, offsetting the seriousness born of the responsibility of his job and ambition, and he appreciated fun and companionship with all the zest of virile youth. At all times his treatment of Talgeel was exactly the same as he would have accorded any other young member of the household, except that being friendly with a pretty girl came as naturally to him as breathing.

Julie was away at school, finishing her education from where governesses had left off. Separated from her for the first time in five years, Talgeel was desperately lonely for a long time, but Barry's company did much to help her. They saw a great deal of each other.

And then Julie came back.

For months Talgeel had watched them, happy in the friendship of her two friends, but by slow degrees she had come to realise the vast difference between the light-hearted companionship Barry gave to herself and the quickly developing love he offered Julie. That, too, had seemed good. Who could help loving Julie?

It was not until Julie, starry-eyed with happiness, had become engaged to Barry that Talgeel felt the first agonising stab of pain. Sickeningly awake at last, she knew that she wanted Barry herself, not as a friend but as a man.

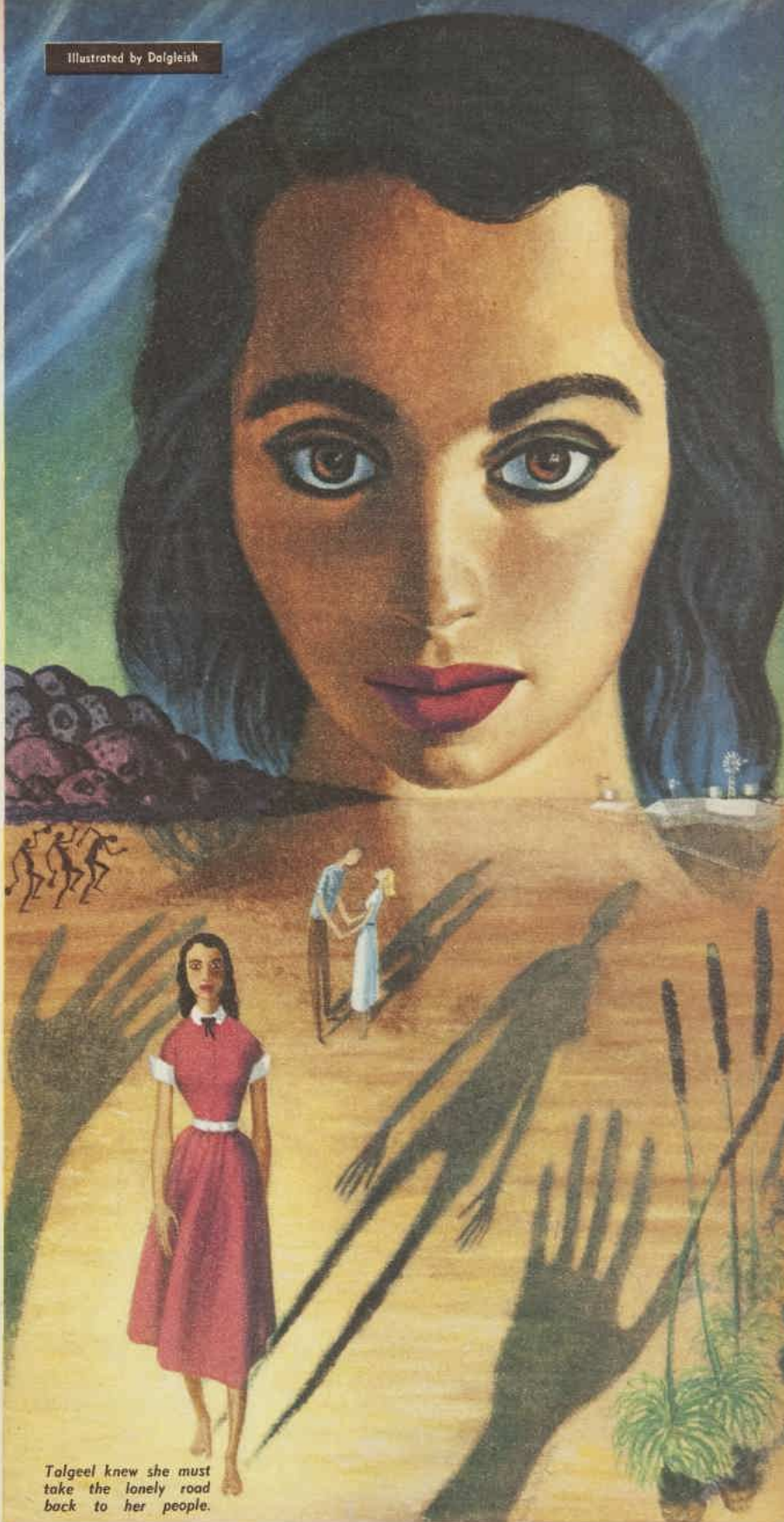
It was a cruel conflict between the mission-trained, white half of her consciousness and the simple, primitive urge of the instincts she inherited from the race who had roamed the land for centuries before the coming of the white people. Between the two, her heart was twisted in perplexity.

To-night, lying in the darkness, she felt that she had reached the utmost limit of suffering. Julie and Barry had been married to-day.

She shut her eyes, pressing her fingers to her mouth until they bruised her lips, shaking with sheer primitive longing for Barry, for his laughing face, his chest showing bare and brown through his shirt, his strong, capable hands.

But they had gone, Julie and Barry. Gone away on a long honeymoon. The world was empty, a hollow, meaningless place.

For the next month Talgeel's obvious unhappiness worried Mrs. Stanton, who failed completely to find a reason for it. She mentioned



Illustrated by Daigleish

Talgeel knew she must take the lonely road back to her people.

it to her husband, whose wide, easy-going tolerance generally masked a world of shrewd understanding.

"Could it be a love affair?" he suggested.

"But who with?"

"Well—I've seen one of the stockmen hanging around a fair bit, looking like a sick calf. Maybe—"

"Who was it?"

"Hughie."

"Hughie!" Mrs. Stanton was shocked. "Why, he—he's—half a black! Surely—"

Stanton looked at her seriously. His frown showed his own reluctance to accept the idea.

"Well, she is a half-caste after all. We forget that."

Mrs. Stanton refused to believe it. She continued to ponder the prob-

lem, and after long thought decided that it was possible that Talgeel was feeling a little lonely for people of her own. Growing up with strangers, no matter how kind, was different from one's own folk after all. Perhaps she had been wrong in supposing that Talgeel had completely forgotten her people.

Please turn to page 28

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"IF IT'S FAULding's — IT'S PURE"

VERY casually, Mrs. Stanton said:

"Would you like to have a trip to the mission, Talgeel?" Talgeel's soft brown eyes, doglike with unhappiness, shadowed with dawning fear.

"The mission? Why?" "Well, I thought perhaps—there's your mother at the reserve there, you know—it's years since you saw her. And—your relatives—"

The fear was becoming real. Talgeel's hands trembled as she went on with her work. Her mother. Her black mother who had become just a vague memory.

"You mean—go away?" she whispered at last, her voice throaty with tears.

"Why, no. Just a visit. I'm sure you'd enjoy the change. The mission people—you loved them, didn't you?"

Talgeel nodded. "Well, then, I'll see what I can arrange—"

It was arranged, and the mission sisters welcomed her, glad that she was to stay for a while helping them.

Talgeel never told anyone what her reunion with her mother's people did to her. She was not hard or unfeeling, but she had been living the ordered life of a white household for too long not to react with shock and disturbance to the harsh realization that these were her kin. And there were things she learned. Her mother's strict sense of tribal responsibility made that necessary. One of them was the meaning of the Mirradoo Rocks.

At the end of the month, wise in their deep human understanding of the almost unknowable problem minds they had to deal with, the sisters wrote to Mrs. Stanton, telling her that Talgeel was ready to go back. They did not say so, but they knew that they had nothing more to offer as either comfort or help. Talgeel's secret was still her own.

Julie and Barry were home when she returned.

The warmth of Julie's welcome wrapped her round with comfort and reassurance. Nothing had changed there. And if Talgeel was not happy at least she was able to bury her unhappiness in the knowledge that to Julie—and in a measure to Barry—everything was as before. She could be near them. That seemed to be enough. But there were times when her dark eyes mirrored an expression which belonged to her mother's people, an expression full of unfathomable doubt, fear, of the vast harshness of nature. Nature, life itself, were remorseless, demanding, even in their immeasurable indifference.

Julie and Barry had their own house, a mile or two from the station homestead, and Talgeel visited Julie often. She always contrived to leave before Barry came in, but

sometimes she saw him. And every fibre of her cried out with love for him. Nothing would ever change that.

Two years went by. For some time Talgeel had had an uneasy feeling that Julie was unhappy, although it was evident that she and Barry were still as much in love as ever. And one day Julie broke down and told her, sobbing.

She wanted a child. "Oh, Talgeel—if you knew how I want that. Barry's baby. I feel—useless. A failure—incomplete—"

Talgeel felt her heart twist. The primitive part of her responded to that need more fully than Julie could imagine. An unmarried white girl did not think things like that—at least, not consciously. Talgeel bit her lips, her eyes feverish with misery as she thought how often she, too, had longed

But that had to be subordinated to the present task of comforting Julie, and she succeeded in doing that. Julie, pale after her tears, waved to her from the verandah as she left, and Talgeel smiled and waved back. Once, out of sight, she hurried to reach home and the quietness of her room, sick and shaken with pity and love and with a passion of realised longing. In the night, staring into the darkness, she knew what she would have to do.

During the time when she had renewed acquaintance with her mother, she had learned strange things. She had not wanted to—in fact she had resented her mother's insistence that there were certain tribal secrets, certain rites, whose origins were lost in antiquity, which must be passed on to the girl-children. She was glad of the knowledge now. It would solve her problem. But there were certain other details she had to know, and that meant another trip to her mother's mia-mia. She spent a week there, begging, cajoling, bullying, but her mother's fear of the tribal law was not to be shaken. The knowledge Talgeel sought could only be imparted on sick condition. Eventually, sick with misery, she fulfilled that condition, and at the end of the second week she returned to the station.

It took her a long time to persuade Julie to make the trip to the Mirradoo Rocks. Julie knew the spot, but not by that name, and had always thought it an eerie, queer place. The smooth boulders had strange, terrifying beauty of their own, but they made her feel uneasy.

Barry was away at a mustering camp and would not be back until next day, so it was easy for Talgeel to arrange to stay the night with Julie. They had done it before. Together they sat on the verandah wait-

The Mirradoo Rocks

Continued from page 27

ing until it was quite dark. It would take two hours to reach the rocks, and they started out just before ten o'clock.

Julie was nervous, but too game to back out once she had consented to go. She felt lost and helpless in the darkness. But Talgeel, who seemed to have changed in some indescribable manner lately, led the way unerringly through the bush. Her very walk seemed different.

The moon was up when they reached the rocks, making them glow like deep pools. Talgeel sought the hollow in the centre of the largest of them, and they sat down to wait for the right hour.

Julie's hand, icy cold, gripped Talgeel's very hard, glad of the reassurance of its almost feverish heat. The place was

ing, and now it was over. She clung hard to Julie when she kissed her on leaving, but Julie was too full of her own happiness to notice that until later.

Barry, returning from his work that evening, came whistling along the verandah, beating dust from his clothes. "Hi! Where's my girl?" he called out. "Anybody home?"

Julie came to the kitchen door. His arms were open wide and she rushed into them, pressing against the red dust. He laughed as he kissed her.

"Hey, I wouldn't have been game—look at that clean dress now!"

"It'll wash," she whispered against his shoulder. He had been so wonderful since she had told him, but she knew she would never tell him of that night at the rocks. That belonged to herself and Talgeel.

Next morning Mrs. Stanton came over. She was very distressed.

Talgeel had gone.

"Julie—it's dreadful. I'm so disappointed, so hurt. You remember she went to see her mother again a few months ago? She has been—strange—ever since then. Your Dad and I are so hurt—"

Julie listened incredulously. "Don't be too hard on a Mum. She must have felt her was doing right—"

"But it has been such a shock, dear," Mrs. Stanton sobbed. "I'd never been unkind to her, never—why, she was always treated like one of our own. I don't know how she could be so ungrateful—"

"Not ungrateful, Mum. I know that," Julie defended. "When did she go?"

"Yesterday, when she got back from seeing you. She wouldn't even wait for Dad to take her in the car. He was on all day. She set off to walk—I couldn't stop her. All the distance—"

Miles away, Talgeel was walking across the desert, endless plain. She was going home to her mother's people—her people—who knew the secrets of the old laws. Secrets like the meaning of the Mirradoo Rocks, where, since the beginning of time, women had gone to perform mystic rites to placate the spirits so that a childless wife could give her man children.

Talgeel walked on. She had changed a great deal. She had grown leaner these few months. Now, even her walk was different. It had become careless, apathetic slouch of the native women as her feet padded the hot dust. She was no longer Talgeel, the girl. She had had to know the secret for Julie, and her mother's rigid obedience to the tribal law made it impossible for her to pass on the rites to an unmarried girl. Only the married women of the tribe knew these things. And Hughie, who had been quietly and away from the station by Mr. Stanton because he was paying too much attention to Talgeel, was living on the reserve.

Talgeel had seen it as the only way of acquiring the secret. She was not suffering now. Not as she had been before. She felt numb, drained of feeling, as she went on, heading for the miasma of her people, where her husband waited for her return. (Copyright)

TESTING BRAIN IMPULSES

EPILEPSY is now more widespread in Australia than tuberculosis.

Statistics are lacking as epilepsy is not a notifiable disease, but in other parts of the world seven in every thousand are epileptics. If this holds good for Australia, there are 60,000 here.

There may be up to a million with epileptic tendencies but none of the symptoms. Yet if two of these people marry, their children may be epileptics.

The only way they can discover these hidden tendencies is to have an electro-encephalograph taken. This is a graph registering the electric impulses of the brain.

You can read more about this sickness in A.M. for October, which will be on sale everywhere on Wednesday.

peopled with ghosts, with long, time-misted memories of things witnessed.

The silence seemed to drown them like a black lake, until at last when the right moment came Talgeel's voice whispered like a ripple on the lake's surface. No more than a ripple.

Julie, sobbing through chattering teeth, obeyed helplessly. She had tried to tell herself that this was foolish, childish, but there was something compelling about Talgeel's concentration.

The chanting, crooning voice faded into silence again, and suddenly a dingo wailed a lament into the night.

The eerie sound was accompanied by a faint scream from Julie. Talgeel took her hand and led her home.

Three months later, Julie, happy and excited, told Talgeel the news. She nodded dumbly. She had known. It had only been a matter of wait-

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



This season - get into Colour

Get away to a brilliant start this Summer.
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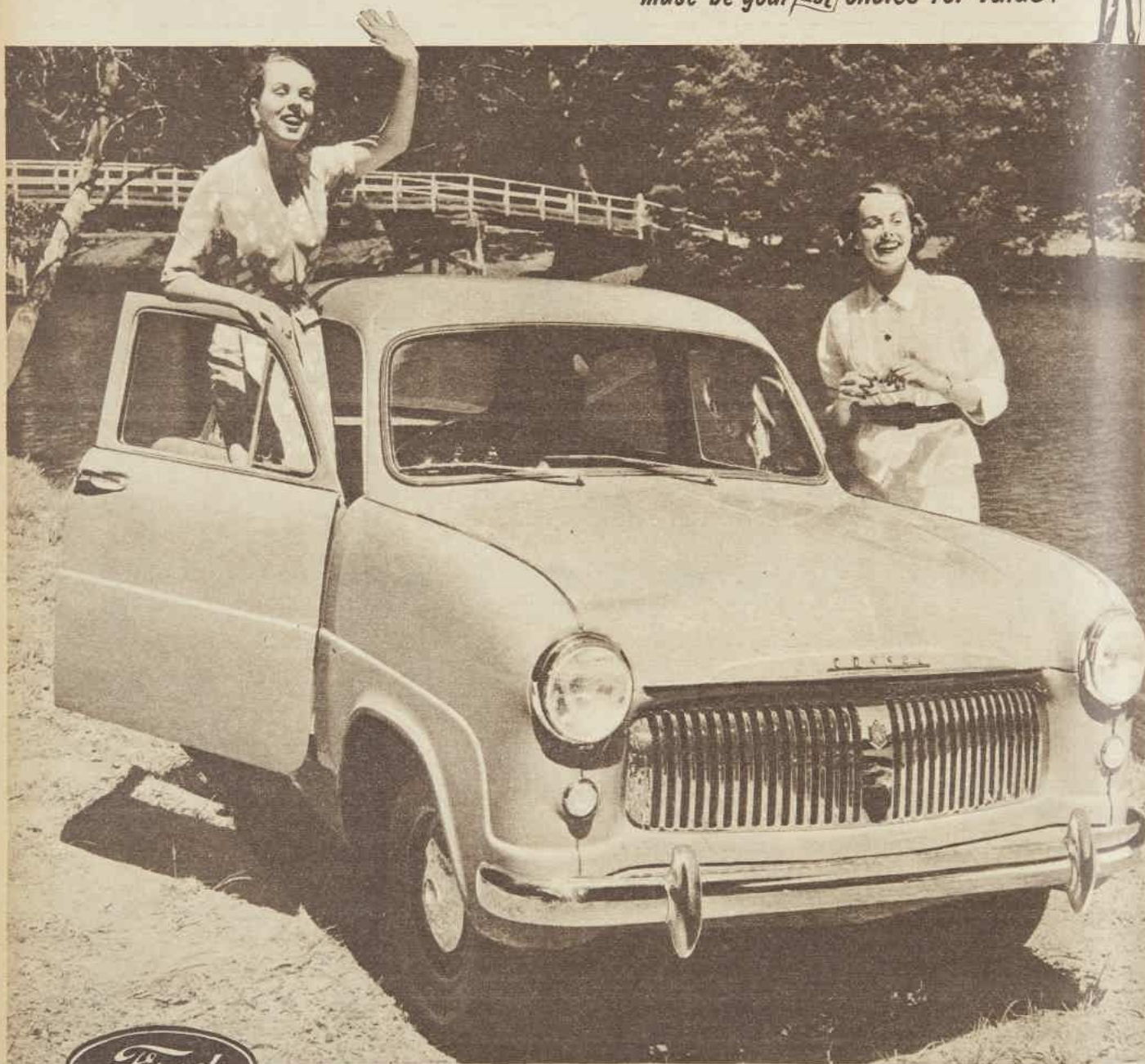
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A short story
complete on this
page
By **OLGA A.
ROSMANITH**

The Little Gold Sandals

JUNE was proud of her mother. This was her reason for trying to arrange Ben's first visit to her home when her mother would appear in advantage. The fact that the impression her mother made might stimulate Ben to propose or decide him against it forever had nothing to do with her reluctance to invite him in to-day.

She knew a lot about men that her mother didn't know yet, let alone know at her age. But a lot of things her mother knew she hadn't even guessed yet. They weren't psychological or scientific. They were old stuff they used to call "common sense" and were suspect to the modern young if by chance such things ever enter their heads.

It was Saturday. This was the day June worked at the shop till one o'clock and Ben picked her up at half-past and drove her to the Strangers' Club for a swim in the pool, then on to dancing or the pictures after early dinner.

Ben was a precision instrument maker in a factory that made instruments for aircraft, and he liked to be active after his hours of concentration. He was a good dancer and so was June. Also, her height and weight suited him. This seemed to be his only reason for inviting her after their first meeting and afterwards making a habit of it.

She found him a difficult young man to understand. He was friendly and companionable. His manners were so good they kept her at a distance and she would have felt cold indeed sometimes were it not for his wry attitude to life, his ability to see the comic side, his original wit and love of laughter.

June was a charming girl who had been promoted in the shop where she worked from haberdashery to head of the perfume counter because she had a good head and she looked like the soul of perfume.

Her mother could look almost as wonderful in her maturer way and even did, but Saturday was definitely not her day for this. Saturday was the day her mother washed her personal lingerie and did other such chores, because her shampooed hair was in curlers and her face was being fed with cold cream ready to look her best for her weekly card club meeting on Saturday night.

Ben was now saying, "Let's drive over and meet your mother now. Maybe she'd come out and have dinner with us and we could take her back and go on to dance. It's my last chance to meet her for a long time. I leave by the eight o'clock plane in the morning."

Ben slowed at the crossroads and turned the car in the direction of the suburb in which she lived.

"Fine," said June calmly out of a state of turmoil. "But let's stop at the cafe over there and I can phone."

They went in together. Ben ordered two long cool drinks and June shut herself into the small private world of the telephone. She did her mother had no phone in the flat but shared the expense of one with a neighbor upstairs. June got on to Mrs. Dixon immediately, apologized for troubling her, and asked her to call her mother to the phone—and please tell her it's urgent.

"Anything wrong?" she inquired sleepily.

"No, no, of course not. It's something that has to be attended to right away, that's all," June said.

While the neighbor was away, June had time to think. Ben wasn't going to the end of the world, after all, although to June it almost seemed as if he was. He was going to be an instructor in radar at a training centre for younger airmen. But it was the end, just the same. He was going away, and never a word of love or even a good-night kiss had passed between them.

A discomfort akin to pain lay in her chest as she sat waiting with the silent telephone. She had a mind, and Ben was the only one who had ever accompanied it and enjoyed it, let alone been aware of it. "Oh, Ben," she said, "I can't bear it. Don't go without speaking or you'll never tell me—if there's anything to tell."

"What did you say?" Mrs. Dixon's voice suddenly answered.

"Oh—sorry. Isn't mother home?"

"She is. But her feet are tired. Wants you to give the message. Save her coming upstairs."

Mrs. Dixon sounded breathless, tired, and hot herself.

"Oh—well—that's difficult—"

June couldn't bring herself to let her mother know through this good-natured but naturally curious neighbor that she was bringing home somebody special and would she please have her face made up and her curls combed out. Nor could she insist on her going down and having another try.

"What's difficult? You say there's nothing wrong—" Mrs. Dixon started to say.

June let everything go with a sigh. It was ridiculous anyhow to think this afternoon made any difference. If she'd meant to him what he had come to mean to her he would have shown it long ago.

Best thing was to go back to Ben and tell him her mother was out, and he could meet her—if he still wanted to—some time when he came home again.

"It's nothing, Mrs. Dixon, thanks. I'll tell mother to-morrow. She'll be in bed when I come in."

June hung up the phone with the strange sensation that it put a period on something—that this phase of her life was ended. Things happened this way, and there was nothing you could do about them. You certainly couldn't make somebody do something he didn't want to do, and you weren't grown up if this made you distort the truth of your own pattern.

By the time she reached Ben's side she had changed her mind about lying about her mother. It gave her a sick feeling even to think about lying.

"I didn't get mother, but she's

none. You'll have to take her the way she is." She sipped the frosty lime drink through a straw, happily conscious of Ben's company, and thinking—"this, too, is over."

"What other way would I take her? Shall we get going?"

June walked up the brick path to the neat little duplex flat, Ben right behind her. She opened the door with her key and invited him in. "Mother," she called, "where are you? I've brought a special friend to meet you."

"Why, that's fine!" her mother's voice called from the kitchen. "I'm coming!"

She came. Quickly she and Ben took over the conversation, for June was sitting staring at her, dumb with amazement. Her mother looked as if she were dressed for a party, her hair fluffed out prettily, her skin like damp rose petals, her skirt a gay checked gingham. Her jumper was in latest fashion. Her feet, as expected, were bare of stockings, but they were glamorous in Greek style gold sandals.

June was a connoisseur of shoes. She bought them at a discount in the shop, which stocked only the best ones. The design of her mother's sandals put them in the top class, and the gilt had the quality that is

ever." She looked at Ben and quietly assessed him. "My husband bought these for me at a famous shoe store in Florence, when we were on our honeymoon. He's been dead for years, but these sandals are not as golden as the memories."

Her straight, smiling look said, "and I don't care if you do think I'm a sentimental anachronism."

"You never married again?" Ben said.

"No. Guess I'm just a one-man woman. What about a cup of coffee? Or better still, I have a steak. What about a little dinner?"

Ben refused, and June loved him

ILLUSTRATED
BY BOOTHROYD



Ben and June stared at the sandals. Mrs. Morrow was conscious of their admiration as she stretched out her feet.

very expensive. Ben, too, was fascinated. He looked at her mother's face as she talked, but June saw he had noticed the sandals and that his eyes kept returning to them.

"I hope you don't mind me being personal, Mrs. Morrow," he finally said, "but those are about the most beautiful shoes I ever saw in my life."

June's mother smiled, stretched out her slim feet with the gilt strap around the delicate ankles. "I think so, too. The joke is I've had them twenty-three years, and now they're high fashion."

"Why, mother, I never knew you owned such a treasure."

Mrs. Morrow smiled again. "You might have wanted them to dance in. I know you. And nobody's going to dance in these sandals but me—

a little more for it. "I'd much rather you'd come out and have dinner with us," he said.

After a pleasant dinner they left her at her card party, and went on to the club for dancing. On the way home Ben parked the car down the street in the darkness under the trees.

"June, I know now how you got the way you are, if I'm right in what I think. Tell me, are you, too, a one-man woman?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Is it possible I could be the man?"

"I'm afraid so." The kiss was all the more wonderful because it was the first one.

Mrs. Morrow was in bed, but still awake, when June came home.

"I like this young man, June. Any hope you'll be marrying him?"

"It's already fixed, mother. He leaves to-morrow for the training

field. He'll look for a flat and then I'll follow him—or maybe he can get two days' leave to fly back and get married. Pretty soon."

June's feelings were too deep now to show them. Her mother looked at her in disappointment. "How can you be so competent and unselfish? And me with my silly shoes. My feet were so tired the floor hurt. So I thought of them. Then I had to be reverent and take a shower and do my face and curl my hair and put on my new skirt and jumper just so a pair of shoes wouldn't be out of counterpane. My poor darling, what you miss."

June kissed her good-night and switched off her lamp. "I don't think I'm going to miss so very much." Already she had decided to put away for a souvenir the red sandals in which she had been dancing.

(Copyright)



Blonde Malice

A complete short story

BY THOMAS BARLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

ARNULFO felt very, very good. He was tense with anticipation. Here he had been in this great country of Texas for only two weeks, enrolled in the great University, and now he was sitting opposite the most beautiful girl in all the world. What a country! Just met her last week; now he was at this eating place called La Muneca, on the famous elevated patio, a platform built above the front lawn of an old house on the east side of town. A place famous for its puffy, crisp tacos and its spirited huacamole salad. A romantic place, even if it did overlook a used-car lot and the railroad tracks. The sky itself was up above, was it not? The girl was across from him, was she not? Romance depends upon the persons and not the place.

On the oilcloth-covered table a candle spluttered light and shadow from the mouth of a black bottle. He looked at Bessie across the top of his immense menu. She was such a beautiful blonde he could not believe, first, that she existed in fact, and, second, that she was here with him, and alone. No duenna. A magnificent country! Blondes do some-

thing to the Latin-American imagination that is more devastating than logical. Bessie wanted to eat under the stars in the candlelight. Tonight was poetry — living poetry, thought Arnulfo.

"What do you wish to eat?" he asked almost reverently.

She looked up. Her eyes were blue, even in the candlelight. The bone structure of the face was magnificent. It not only caught the light from the candle but it held and caressed it. Her strapless dress gave her tanned shoulders and long slender arms a delicious look. She lifted a red-tipped finger to a red-lipped mouth, moving the arm with a slow and provocative gesture.

She smiled slowly and said, "I think I will have the Lady's Special."

"With the huacamole salad extra?" he asked. "Huacamole is good for the spirit of man and woman, the flesh of the avocado fused by the fire of the pepper and the onion."

"You are very poetic about the huacamole, Arnulfo, but, no, thanks. I think I will just have the special."

Arnulfo's thin, black moustache quivered beneath his long, thin nose. Surely heaven was being kind to him in this country. He just sat and looked at the girl.

A black-haired young woman with a pad in her hand and a pencil behind her small ear stepped up to the table. She had a plump, round face with a plump, round smile on it, and a plump, round body to carry them round.

"You ready to order now, sir?" she asked in a soft Mexican voice.

Arnulfo looked at her, but, as is the custom of the male when blinded by the blonde, he did not see her smiling beauty. "Yes, the Lady's Special for her. I will have the Extra-Special. With the huacamole salad."

The waitress wrote it down on her pad. "What will you have to drink? Some beer, perhaps?"

Arnulfo looked at Bessie. There was a pleading look in his eyes, a wish, as he said, "The glasses of beer, they are great, beautiful." He held his hands as if to cup the swelling shape of the frosted

schooner in them. "Will you have maybe one?"

"Well, just one, I will." She smiled with an indulgent smile.

There was only one other table occupied on the whole of the big balcony, for it was getting late. At a corner table an elderly couple gazed intently into their glasses of beer. Arnulfo and Bessie gazed intently into each other's eyes. Youth postulating a voluptuous future; age contemplating spare memories.

"Do you like it here at the University?" Bessie asked. Every time a human voice came from that so lovely throat Arnulfo was startled a little.

"Oh, I like it fine. It is wonderful. There are so many things you can do and so many people to watch things happen."

"What happens?" She smiled a brittle smile. "It seems rather dull to me."

"Dull? When there are so many beautiful women around? And never in the world a magnificent blonde like you."

She lowered her head in tacit admission of truth, which is the obligation of beauty. "How is it that you speak such nice English? You really speak better English, and prettier, than some of us do," she said.

"I would not say that, but I have been well educated in my own country before I came here. I knew for two years before I came I was to come. I practised English very hard."

He looked across the platform towards the stairs. "But in English I still cannot say the beautiful things—Look," he broke off. "Look, the beer! It is said!"

The waitress had come up the stairs with a beaded, frosted, beautiful glass of beer in each hand. As she reached the top, she stumbled just a little and some of the beer sloshed over the top of the glass and trickled down across her fingers. She came to the table and put the

He thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world until he danced with her.

there was a dancer called La Muneca Cubaba. She was what you call 'hot.' He raised his expressive hands, delighting in the memory. "She could sing and she could dance. Even she danced standing still. That is something to wonder at. You like to dance, Bessie?"

"Love it. Love it," she said, and the first flash of real interest disturbed the delicate perfection of her make-up. "If you put a nickel in that little box over there you will get some music."

He walked over to the box. He looked confused for a moment, then turned a knob and dropped his nickel in and waited to see what he got for No. 6. The horns whirled and the music began. A smile of real pleasure broke across his face as he moved rapidly back to the table.

"It is my old friend El Choclo. Will you dance it with me?"

"And what is El Choclo?"

"It's a tango. I learned to do the tango with this same music. It is classic, and, Bessie, you know what?"

"No, what?"

"All these years that is the reason they have written this so beautiful tango, so that we can dance it together to-night, you and me."

He held out his hand to her. She rose with the infinite grace of the dancer. "You say such sweet things, Arnulfo." She was tall—with the high-heeled shoes, nearly as tall as he—a wonderful thing for dancing. Her dress was made with a full skirt caught at the waist, simple in cut and wonderful in intent. All made her the perfect partner.

Arnulfo had always wished that something like this would happen, but he had never really believed that it would. The perfect partner, and, by grace of No. 6, the perfect piece of music. The record was old and scratchy, but what matter? He was a dancer. He thought he knew a dancer when he touched one. He felt the lithe position of her, as if the music were seeping into her blood as it was into his. He listened and the rhythm came into his muscles and his heart, for with both you dance the tango.

He moved his weight slowly back on to his left leg in the dipping prelude to movement, the invitation and the recurrent punctuation of the dance. She answered the swing as he straightened his right leg. She leaned forward. Her slim body pressed against his. Then he shifted his weight, moving into the music, always left, right and left, the toe reaching, the hips controlling, the music and the answering of moving bodies. That is the tango, a wild discipline.

Wonderful, thought Arnulfo, a simple thing of beauty.

But as he moved his right leg across for a shift to the left, he hit her leg just above the calf with his extending leg. He moved his left leg, and hit her again. What was wrong?

Bessie gritted her teeth. She knew the tango in the same way that she knew Spanish. A couple of phrases of each. He had chosen one she knew to start out with, but now he was trying to show off. She could dance, and she knew it. But he could dance better, and she knew that too. Make her look awkward, would he? She stumbled again. He stopped and looked down at her. "Say, fellow," she said acidly, "what you trying to do, break my legs?"

His jaw dropped in amazement.

"Break the legs? Me? No. I—I am dancing the tango. You said you dance the tango."

"I didn't say anything about any old tango. I just said I danced. I do. Not that tricky foreign stuff."

she said. "Let's just dance." She smiled a sticky smile.

He shrugged his drooping hopes up a little. Maybe there was yet something that could be made of it. He would try this "just dance."

She was smooth, graceful; she responded to his lead. But his old friend El Choclo demanded that his muscles do the tango, not this slow, drab thing. Tears of frustration clouded his eyes.

She felt the resentment of his steps, she recognised the fluid perfection of his style, and she was mad—very mad.

Suddenly she stopped dancing and said sweetly, "Arnulfo, you know you would make a good dancer... with practice."

He dropped her hand and stared at her with a hurt look in his eyes. A man can take so much from a blonde, and does. But to have his dancing insulted was too much.

"I think maybe it is you, little one, who does not know so well how to dance," he said indignantly.

She drew back from him and stared him straight in the eye. "Well"—her red lips were tense—"funny, I never had any complaints before."

He put his hand on his hip.

"Then it is because you have only danced with men too nice to tell you or with the ones who do not themselves know how to dance. To call this what you are trying to do dancing is to call those—those tangles over there roast breast of pheasant. Where did you learn to dance?"

"You mean take lessons? Me? I never did. I just danced." She spoke as if she knew genius required no labor.

Arnulfo was really suffering. "You just danced? In this country you call that dancing? It is very sad. Like the spilled beer, it is a waste of the good things. You say with dancing the fine things no man has yet made the words for. You take the lessons to learn to write, to spell. No? But you cannot talk with the dancing without the learning how. It is impossible." He shook his head and looked at her. "That wonderful body, filled with talent, that body to speak with dancing. And you can't speak. You have the stupid muscles maybe to lift the weights. You—"

"Oh! You—" She choked and whirled away from him; the heavy skirt seemed still to be moving after she had stopped. Then she turned back to him with blue eyes blazing. "You call me stupid! Why—why, you jerk!"

The record ground to a sudden stop and left an angry silence.

She ran to the table, grabbed her handbag, and stalked to the stairs. He caught up with her, suddenly contrite. "Look, Bessie, listen, Bessie. I did not mean you are the stupid one. I have trouble with the language, the words and—"

She was ahead of him, and as she took the top step she stumbled and almost fell, but caught herself with her hand on the railing. Then she limped awkwardly down the steps. She limped because she had lost one shoe when she stumbled. Arnulfo bent and picked it up.

He held it out to her and called, "Bessie! Bessie, you have lost the shoe! You have not eaten the fine things on the table! The shoe, the food, the—"

But she turned the corner at the bottom of the stairs and was gone.

He rushed across the balcony and looked over the railing. He caught sight of Bessie as she hippity-hopped

around the corner of the used-car lot. He looked at the shoe he held in his hand, sighed, and sat down. He placed the shoe carefully in the centre of the table. He made a gesture of despair.

"Do not worry, señor. It is not too bad." The soft voice was above him. He looked into the smiling black eyes of the waitress. There was kindness and understanding in those eyes. Like eyes from home.

He spread his hands wide. "Not too bad? Could it be worse? In this country what do you do when your girl runs away from you?"

"I do not know what you do when your girls run away," she said gently. "I myself have never run away from a man."

"But she did run away, the blonde one. And she is so beautiful, like an angel. And so blonde, like the beer. Blonde and pale and—"

"Cold?" asked the waitress. "No, the blonde is not like the beer, for in the beer there is something to warm the heart of man, but in her—" She did not finish, for in her gesture there was all the criticism it is possible for one woman to make of another.

"It is sad. It is agony. How do I get her back?" moaned Arnulfo.

"How? Señor, that I do not know. You could run after her—" Her voice trailed off and up to show that she herself would consider this a most foolish thing to do.

He looked at her glowing face and happy skin. Pepper and beans and a love of life shone through the skin and let the heart shine, too. "A gentleman," he said gravely, "does not pursue through the streets of a strange town in a strange country a beautiful girl." He contemplated her face. "What is your name?"

"Angela," she answered, tilting the word Spanish-wise.

"Angela? Ho, ho. That is good. Then all the angels are not the blonde ones! Come and sit down, Angela." He moved his chair back from the table.

Angela looked over her shoulder towards the stairs. "Mamma does not like it for me to sit with the customers. But everyone but you has now gone. I guess it will be all right for a minute." She spread her cotton skirt in a sweeping movement.

Arnulfo looked at her with a sudden interest. "But, Angela, you do not sit easy in the chair. Mamma will not care. I will pay for this wonderful food and the beautiful blonde beer." He took a sip and made a grimace. "Now—now it is flat! Ah, Angela, I am heart-broken. This morning when I was shaving I said to myself, 'Arnulfo, you are the lucky one. Surely to-day will be the day of the beautiful ones.' Like the wise man said, 'There are some days when all women are pretty.' I know I have this date with the most pretty of all. So I have the day made. And I know the wise man is right. Now she is gone from me, along with my day of the beautiful ones. Is it not a pity?"

"Do you want her back?" asked Angela.

"Don't interrupt my sadness, Angela. I feel it in my bones that to-day would be the day of the beautiful ones. All the day it was so. All the women they were pretty. And she—"

"I think she does roll up the hair at night, Arnulfo. Then she is not so pretty, maybe," Angela interrupted.

Please turn to page 34

Page 33

She whirled furiously out of his arms. "So, I can't dance?" she shouted at him, her eyes blazing.

glasses down, wiping the spilled beer from the sides as she did so.

"I am so sorry I spilled a bit. That top step. It is dangerous."

"It is sad to spill the beer," said Arnulfo seriously. "Beer surely is to drink and not to spill."

Bessie laughed a hollow laugh. "I don't see what is so sad about spilling a little beer. There is more where that came from, isn't there?"

The waitress looked troubled again, briefly, but she turned and went down the steps. Arnulfo lifted questioning eyes to Bessie's blue ones. He saw in them no sense of loss, just a pale blue pique at the awkwardness of the waitress. He did not know how to tell her what he had in mind, but he said softly, smiling, "It is not a good omen to spill the beer. Not that there is not more where that came from. That is true. But, my blue-eyed little one, when the beer is spilled there is a little of what you call life being spilled. Is it not so?"

"I don't see it." She lifted her proud chin and looked far away into the night. "It's just plain old beer."

He rested his elbows on the table. He looked at this wonderful blonde, but something within him sounded a small warning. He did not know what the warning was about, but his spirit seemed to have touched something colder than the glass of beer. Bessie sat very still and let herself be looked at.

She looked across his shoulder at the garish neon sign that spelled the name of the cafe, La Muneca. "Arnulfo," she said in that tone of voice that means one looks for something with which to make conversation, "what does La Muneca mean?"

"La Muneca. This cafe? In Spanish it means 'the doll.' But it means, like in this country, a cute kid, a beautiful girl. You are a muneca."

She looked as if being called a doll, no matter in what language, was no novelty to her.

"I remember that in my country

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 1, 1952

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SOFT — STRONG — DOUBLY ABSORBENT

Blonde Malice

Continued from page 33

ARNULFO shook his head. "Hush, child. Not a word against the beautiful one. And me, I have not been the gentleman. I have hurt her feelings. Now she is gone. What have I to show for the day? A shoe, no blonde, and a glass of beer... flat!"

"Arnulfo, my friend, do not worry so much about this one skinny blonde. In this country there are many such."

"You are right. I go now to find me another blonde." He picked up the shoe and started to rise from the chair.

"No, señor, no." She smiled a petition with her "No, no." He understood it and with a shrug sat down again.

"A shoe like that," he said, pointing a finger at the table, "is made to be danced in, not the horrible things she did in them." He knew he was not being fair, but his disappointment corroded his judgment. "To call her one little step the tango is to call a kiss on the hand all there is of love. Phut! What she is calling dancing is to call a bullfighter a butcher in the ring with a meat axe. The bull is killed, but it is not bullfighting. And dancing as she does it is not dancing. And yet she has the look of the tango in the body, but she does not have the look in the eye. You—you, Angela, have the look in your eye. You like to dance?"

"Love to," she said. "But perhaps I cannot tango to suit you, Arnulfo. I could try, though."

Oh, not another stupid one, he prayed silently. He forced a smile. "That is something," he said. "She would not even try. You know some fine place to dance? You go dance to-night maybe with a— a jerk?"

A delightful laugh danced from her throat. "I know a fine place, just the place." She raised her expressive eyes.

"We will go, then?" "I will meet you downstairs by the counter in ten minutes. It is nearly closing time. I have to tell mamma." She started for the stairs, but stopped and came back. "What are you going to do with the shoe?"

"Maybe I will take it with me. Maybe I will return it. And then again" — Arnulfo sniffed the air as if seeking some of the lost perfume — "again, I might keep it as a souvenir of my broken heart."

After ten minutes he picked up the shoe and went down the steps. At the foot and to the right there was a large counter with a small cash register on it and a large woman behind it. There was something of Angela in the round face of the woman, the same pepper-and-beans vitality, the same warmth and rhythm — a rhythm he understood. He handed her a five-dollar bill, and she took it in chubby fingers. He took the change and stood waiting at the counter for Angela.

"Señor," the woman said, "pardon me, you find something in this place this evening?"

He turned. "Find something? Me?"

"A shoe perhaps, señor?" "A shoe? This shoe?" He took it from his pocket. "No, señora, this shoe I did not find. It came with me. That is, it came with the young lady

who did come with me. It was not lost."

"But the young lady? She is not with you?"

"No. She has gone. She left without this shoe. I will return the shoe to her."

Angela came in from the back of the house and stood silent as a saint. She was now dressed in an off-the-shoulder dress that had as much excitement as the one the blonde had worn. Hers was as colorful as the mirth in her eyes, a promise and a challenge.

"Pardon again, señor," said the fat one, her face bubbling with a laughter that was below the surface. "Pardon, señor, but that I cannot allow. Maybe the police would come. I run an honest place here. The young lady of a surety knows where she lost the shoe, no? Where? On my stairs. Jose must fix those steps. The young lady calls and asks did I find a shoe here this very night. What can I say? That I have never heard of the shoe? That would not be right." She stretched out a dimpled hand for the shoe. "You just leave the shoe with me. Then, there will be no trouble at all for me, for the police, or—for you."

He looked at the shoe sadly and then handed it over. He shrugged his shoulders and turned to Angela. His eyes lighted with pleasure. "Beautiful. You are beautiful, my little angel. Let us go and dance. After all, the day of the beautiful ones has its best part at night, no?"

"Yes," she said. "Thanks, mamma."

"Thanks, mamma!" He glared at her. "Angela, so that is it! You told her to take the shoe so that I would have no reason to see the blonde one again. Heaven protect me, an innocent stranger in a strange land of treacherous women. No matter. Let us go. Where to, lovely one?"

"There," Angela pointed to the stairs that led to the balcony. "There is the wonderful place for you and me to dance. Up there is the moon, and El Cholo, and—"

She did not finish, for he took her arm and they dashed up the steps. The moon was there, sure enough. Only a fool could wish more than moonlight and a beautiful girl for the perfect dancing of the tango. That is, if she could dance. He shoved a couple of the tables from the centre of the floor, then went to the small box and dropped a nickel in the No. 6.

The music started. El Cholo, warmer now, softer now, more insistent and throbbing now than it had ever been before. He moved to Angela and saw she was looking uncertain, even frightened. In spite of his own dread, he had to comfort her.

"It will be all right, little one," he said; "you will see." She smiled up at him, gratefully, it seemed. He put his right hand on the small of her back, took her right hand in his left, and waited.

Then he dropped back on the left foot in the lovely prelude; he slipped his weight slowly back, and she shifted hers forward, leaning with him, against him, lightly, in perfect balance.

Beauty in brief:

Leg grooming

By CAROLYN EARLE

● To get the maximum effect with the minimum of effort from leg make-up, be sure to have some cheesecloth squares on hand at both time.

NO matter how vigorously you scrub your legs to remove leg-do while bathing, some of the tan coloring is bound to come off on your bath towel.

A good towel-saving device can be whipped up by cutting cheesecloth or similar material into squares and using them for leg drying.

The cheesecloth square is much easier to rinse out and dry than a large bath towel and can be thrown away without qualms when necessary.

Limbs that wear leg-do continuously need a really good going over once every week or ten days in order to keep the skin in good condition.

After removing color thoroughly by scrubbing with a brush in warm, soapy water, massage a cream or hand-lotion into the skin to prevent drying.

Be sure to carry the lubricant around ankle bones, heels, and to the back of the knees, where tan coloration is likely to gather if permitted.

The smooth, sure movement, the grace, the buoyant ease with which she answered his every step was exquisite; the swing across, the picture, always the picture, the feel of sliding with the inclined air, all were there. He looked at the creaminess of this girl's throat, at the throbbing place where the moon touched her skin. Here was not bone structure, just woman flowing into smooth woman.

He whispered in her ear, "Angela, you dance divinely, like the angel, with fire."

The music stopped. They stood entranced by the rightful spell of the music. Suddenly from the stairs there burst a salvo of applause and shouts of "Holla! Holla! Bravo! Magnifico!" They turned towards the stairs, and there stood beaming Mamma and lean Papa Jose, applauding

passionately. Angela curtsied and Arnulfo bowed profoundly, as if to multitudes.

In Mamma's eyes there was the memory of thousands of tangos and holas. She bowed to the centre of the floor and pointed a finger at Jose.

"Papa," she said imperiously. "Papa, put another nickel in the Number Six. We, too, dance this one."

Arnulfo smiled happily into Angela's eyes. The music started. He looked at papa and mamma as they began to dance, and well, too. He held Angela. But they stood this one out.

"Veritably, a day of the beautiful ones," he mumbled to himself as well as he could under the circumstances, for Angela's lips had whatever it is that warms a man, body and soul.

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JANE MARPLE goes to stay at Stonygates, home of her old school friend, CARRIE LOUISE SERROCOLD, at the urgent request of RUTH VAN RYDOCK, Carrie Louise's sister.

Carrie Louise has been married three times, first to wealthy ERIC BRANDSEN, then to JOHN RESTARICK, and now to LEWIS SERROCOLD.

The household includes MILDRED STRETE, widowed daughter of Carrie Louise and Brandsen; GINA, attractive daughter of their dead adopted child Pippa, on a visit with her American husband, WALTER HUDD; MISS BELLEVER, Carrie Louise's companion; STEPHEN RESTARICK, and, on and off, his brother ALEXIS, sons of John Restarick; and EDGAR LAWSON, a secretary, taken from a reform school that Lewis has had set up adjoining Stonygates.

Miss Marple detects all too many cross-currents of emotion and jealousy among these people, but cannot yet see why Ruth was worried over her sister. NOW READ ON:

Instalment two of a six-part serial By AGATHA CHRISTIE

enemies—and they're against me, too. They've managed to keep us apart. They watch me."

He came to his feet, glancing nervously around. "Wherever I go, they spy on me. And they make things go wrong for me."

Miss Marple shook her head. "Dear, dear."

"In London I was studying to be a doctor. They tampered with my exams—they altered the answers. They wanted me to fail. They followed me about the streets. They told things about me to my hand-lady. They hound me wherever I go."

"Oh, but you can't be sure of that," said Miss Marple soothingly.

"I tell you I know! Oh, they're very cunning. I never get a glimpse of them or find out who they are. But I shall find out. . . . Mr. Serrocold took me away from London and brought me down here. He was kind—very kind. But even here, you know, I'm not safe. They're here, too. Working against me. Making the others dislike me. Mr. Serrocold says that isn't true—but Mr. Serrocold doesn't know. Or else—I wonder—sometimes I've thought—"

He broke off.

"This is all confidential," he said. "You do understand that, don't you? But if you notice anyone following me—spying, I mean—you might let me know who it is!"

He went away, then—neat, pathetic, insignificant. Miss Marple watched him and wondered. . . .

A voice spoke.

"Nuts," it said. "Just nuts."

Walter Hudd was standing beside her. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets and he was frowning as he stared after Edgar's retreating figure.

"What kind of a joint is this, anyway?" he said. "They're all bug-house, the whole lot of them."

Miss Marple said nothing and Walter went on.

"That Edgar guy—what do you make of him? Says his father's really Lord Montgomery. Doesn't seem likely to me! Not Monty! Not from all I've heard about him."

"No," said Miss Marple. "It doesn't seem very likely."

"He told Gina something quite different—some bunk about being really the heir to the Russian throne—said he was some Grand Duke's son or other. Doesn't he know who his father really was?"

"I should imagine not," said Miss Marple. "That is probably just the trouble."

Walter sat down beside her, dropping his body on to the seat with a slack movement. He repeated his former statement. "They're all bug-house here."

"You don't like being at Stonygates?"

The young man frowned.

"I simply don't get it—that's all! I don't get it. Take this place—the house—the whole set-up. They're rich, these people. Rolling in dough. And look at the way they live. Cracked, antique china, and cheap, plain stuff all mixed up. No proper servants. Tapestries and drapes falling to pieces! Mrs. Serrocold just doesn't care. Look at that dress she had on last night. Darned under the arms, nearly worn out—yet she could go to a store and order what she liked!"

He paused and sat, deliberating.

"I understand being poor. There's nothing much wrong with it. If you're young and strong and ready to work. I never had much money, but I was all set to get where I wanted. I was going to open a garage. I'd got a bit of money put by. I talked to Gina about it. She listened. She seemed to understand."

Please turn to page 37

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

GENTLY eluding her hostess the next morning, Miss Marple went out into the garden. Their condition distressed her. They had once been an ambitious set out achievement—clumps of rhododendrons, smooth slopes of lawns, massed borders of herbaceous plants, clipped box-hedges surrounding a formal rose garden.

Now all was largely derelict, the lawns raggedly mown, the borders full of weeds, with tangled flowers struggling through them, the paths moss-covered and neglected.

The kitchen gardens, on the other hand, enclosed by red brick walls, were prosperous and well stocked. That, presumably, was because they had a utility value. So, also, a large portion of what had once been lawn and flower garden was now fenced off and laid out in tennis courts and a bowling green.

Surveying the herbaceous border, Miss Marple clicked her tongue vexedly and pulled up a flourishing plant of groundsel.

As she stood with it in her hand, Edgar Lawson came into view. Seeing Miss Marple, he stopped and hesitated. Miss Marple had no mind to let him escape. She called him briskly. When he came, she asked him if he knew where any gardening tools were kept.

Edgar said vaguely that there was a gardener somewhere who would know.

"It's such a pity to see this border so neglected," twittered Miss Marple. "I'm so fond of gardens." And since it was not her intention that Edgar should go in search of any necessary implement she went on talking quickly.

"It's about all an old and useless woman can find to do. Now I don't suppose you ever bother your head about gardens, Mr. Lawson. You have so much real and important work to do. Being in a responsible position here, with Mr. Serrocold. You must find it all most interesting."

He answered quickly, almost eagerly. "Yes—yes—it is interesting."

"And you must be of the greatest assistance to Mr. Serrocold."

His face darkened. "I don't know. I can't be sure. It's what's behind it all."

He broke off. Miss Marple watched him thoughtfully. A pathetic young man in a neat dark suit. A young man that few people would look at twice, or remember if they did look.

There was a garden seat nearby, and Miss Marple drifted towards it and sat. Edgar stood frowning in front of her.

"I'm sure," said Miss Marple brightly, "that Mr. Serrocold relies on you a great deal."

"I don't know," said Edgar. "I really don't know." He frowned and almost absently sat down beside her. "I'm in a very difficult position."

"Yes?" said Miss Marple.

The young man sat staring in front of him.

"This is all highly confidential," he said suddenly.

"Of course," said Miss Marple.

"If I had my rights—"

"Yes?"

"I might as well tell you. . . . You won't let it go any further, I'm sure?"

"Oh, no." She noticed he did not wait for her disclaimer.

"My father—actually, my father is a very important man."

This time there was no need to say anything. She had only to listen.

"Nobody knows except Mr. Serrocold. You see, it might prejudice my father's position if the story got out." He turned to her. He smiled. A sad, dignified smile. "You see, I'm Winston Churchill's son."

"Oh," said Miss Marple. "I see." And she did see. She remembered a rather sad story in St. Mary Mead—and the way it had gone.

Edgar Lawson went on and what he said had the familiarity of a stage scene.

"There were reasons. My mother wasn't free. Her own husband was in an asylum—there could be no divorce—no question of marriage. I don't really blame them. At least, I think I don't. . . . He's done, always, everything he could. Discreetly, of course. And that's where the trouble has arisen. He's got"

Edgar was glancing around nervously. "They watch me. Wherever I go, they spy on me," he said.



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FROWNING

again, Wally went on, "I didn't know much about Gina. All those girls in uniform, they look about the same. I thought she was a cut above me, perhaps, education, and all that. But it didn't seem to matter. We fell for each other. We got married. I'd got me hit put by, and Gina had some too, she told me. We were going to set up a gas station back home—Gina was willing. Just a couple of crazy kids we were—mad about each other."

Then that snooty aunt of Gina's started making trouble.

And Gina wanted to come here to England to see her grandmother. Well, that seemed fair enough. It was her home, and I was curious to see England anyway. So we came. Just a visit—that's what I thought."

The brown became a scowl.

"But it isn't turned out like that. We're caught up in this crazy business. Why don't we stay here—make our home here—that's what they say. Plenty of jobs for me, jobs! I don't want a job feeding candy to gangster kids and helping them play at kids' games—what's the sense of it all?"

Without waiting for an answer, he went on, "This place could be swell—really swell. Don't people who've got money understand their luck? I don't mind working if I've got to. But I'll work the way I like and at what I like—and I'll work to get somewhere. This place makes me feel I'm tangled up in a spider's web. And Gina—I can't make Gina out. She's not the same girl I married over in the States. I can't hang it all—I can't even talk to her now!"

Miss Marple said gently, "I quite see your point of view."

Wally shot a swift glance at her.

"You're the only one I've shot my mouth off to so far. Most of the time I shut up like a clam. Don't know what it is about you—you're English right enough, really English—but in the darndest way you

remind me of my Aunt Betsy back home."

"Now that's very nice."

"A lot of sense she had," Wally continued reflectively. "Looked as frail as though you could snap her in two, but actually she was tough—yes, sir, I'll say she was tough." He got up.

"Sorry talking to you this way," he apologised.

For the first time, Miss Marple saw him smile. It was a very attractive smile, and Wally Hudd was suddenly transformed from an awkward sulky boy into a handsome and appealing young man. "Had to get things off my chest, I suppose. But too bad picking on you."

"Not at all, my dear boy," said Miss Marple. "I have a nephew of my own—only, of course, a great deal older than you are."

Her mind dwelt for a moment on the sophisticated modern writer Raymond West. A greater contrast to Walter Hudd could not have been imagined.

"You've got other company coming," said Walter Hudd. "That dame doesn't like me. So I'll quit. So long, ma'am. Thanks for the talk."

He strode away and Miss Marple watched Mildred Strete coming across the lawn to join her.

"I see you've been victimised by that terrible young man," Mildred said, rather breathlessly, as she sank down on the seat. "What a tragedy that is."

"A tragedy?"

"Gina's marriage. It all came about from sending her off to America. I told Mother at the time it was most unwise. After all, this is a quiet district. We had hardly any raids here. I do so dislike the way many people gave way to panic about their families—and themselves, too, very often."

"It must have been difficult to decide what was right to do," said Miss Marple thoughtfully. "Where children were

They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 35

concerned, I mean, with the prospect of invasion."

"All nonsense," said Mrs. Strete. "I never had the least doubt that we should win. But Mother has always been quite unreasonable where Gina is concerned. The child was always spoilt and indulged in every way. There was absolutely no need to take her away from Italy in the first place."

"Her father raised no objection, I understand?"

"Oh, San Severiano! You know what Italians are. Nothing matters to them but money. He married Pippa for her money, of course."

"Dear me. I always understood he was very devoted to her and was quite inconsolable at her death."

"He pretended to be, no doubt. Why bother ever countenanced her marrying a foreigner, I can't imagine. Just the usual American pleasure in a tide, I suppose."

JANE MARPLE said mildly: "I have always thought that dear Carrie Louise was almost too unworried in her attitude to life."

"Oh, I know. I've no patience with it. Mother's fads and whims and idealistic projects. You've no idea, Aunt Jane, of all that it has meant. I can speak with knowledge, of course. I was brought up in the middle of it all."

It was with a very faint shock that Miss Marple heard herself addressed as Aunt Jane. And yet that had been the convention of those times. Her Christmas presents to Carrie Louise's children were always labelled "With love from Aunt Jane," and as "Aunt Jane" they thought of her, when they thought of her at all.

Which was not, Miss Marple supposed, very often. She looked thoughtfully at the middle-aged woman sitting beside her. At the pursed, tight mouth, the deep lines from the nose down, the hands tightly pressed together.

She said gently, "You must

have had—a difficult childhood."

Mildred Strete turned eager, grateful eyes to her.

"Oh, I'm so glad that somebody appreciates that. People don't know what children go through. Pippa, you see, was the pretty one. It was always she who got all the attention. Both father and mother encouraged her to push herself forward—not that she needed any encouragement. I was the quiet one. I was shy—Pippa didn't know what shyness was. A child can suffer a great deal, Aunt Jane."

"I know that," said Miss Marple.

"Mildred's so stupid," Pippa used to say. But I was younger than she was. Naturally I couldn't keep up with her in lessons. 'What a lovely little girl,' people used to say. They never noticed me. And it was Pippa that Papa used to joke and play with. Someone ought to have seen how hard it was on me. I wasn't old enough to realise that it's character that matters."

Her lips trembled, then hardened again.

"And it was unfair—really unfair—I was their own child. Pippa was only adopted. I was the daughter of the house. She was—nobody."

"Probably they were extra indulgent to her on that account," said Miss Marple.

"They liked her best," said Mildred Strete. And added: "A child whose own parents didn't want her—or more probably illegitimate. It's come out in Gina. There's had blood there. Blood will tell. Lewis can have what theories he likes about environment. Bad blood does tell."

"Gina is a very lovely girl," said Miss Marple.

"Hardly in behaviour," said Mrs. Strete. "Everyone but Mother notices how she is carrying on with Stephen Rastarick. Quite disgusting, I call it. Admittedly she made a very unfortunate marriage to that

dreadful young man, but marriage is marriage and one should be prepared to abide by it."

"Is he so dreadful?"

"Oh, dear Aunt Jane! He really looks to me quite like a gangster. And so surly and rude. He hardly opens his mouth. And he always looks so dirty and uncouth."

"He is unhappy, I think," said Miss Marple mildly.

"I really don't know why he should be—apart from Gina's behaviour, I mean. Everything has been done for him here. Lewis has suggested several ways in which he could try to make himself useful—but he prefers to skulk about doing nothing."

She burst out: "Oh, this whole place is impossible! Lewis thinks of nothing but these horrible young criminals. And Mother thinks of nothing but him. Look at the state of the garden. And the house—nothing properly done. Oh, I know a domestic staff is difficult nowadays, but it can be got. If it were my house—" She stopped.

"I'm afraid," said Miss Marple, "that we have all to face the fact that conditions are different. These large establishments are a great problem. It must be said for you, in a way, to come back here and find everything so different. Do you really prefer living here to—well—somewhere of your own?"

Mildred Strete flushed.

"After all, it's my home," she said. "It was my father's house. Nothing can alter that. I've a right to be here if I choose. And I do choose. If only Mother were not so impossible! She won't even buy herself proper clothes. It worries Jolly a lot."

"I was going to ask you about Miss Believer."

"Such a comfort having her here. She adores Mother. She's been with her a long time now—she came in John Rastarick's time. And was wonderful, I believe, during the whole sad business. I expect you heard that he ran away with a dreadful Yugoslavian woman."

"Yes, I heard."

AFTER a little pause, Mildred went on, "Mother was very fine and dignified about it all. Divorced him as quietly as possible. Even went so far as to have the Rastarick boys for their holidays—quite unnecessary, really, other arrangements could have been made. But Miss Believer stood by and was a tower of strength. Though I sometimes think she makes Mother even more vague than she need be, by doing all the practical things herself."

She broke off and then remarked in a tone of surprise, "Here is Lewis. How odd. He seldom comes out in the garden."

Mr. Serroccold came towards them in the same single-minded way that he did everything. He appeared not to notice Mildred, because it was only Miss Marple who was in his mind.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I wanted to take you round our institution and show you everything. Caroline asked me to. Unfortunately I have to go off to Liverpool. The case of that boy and the railway parcels office. But Maverick will take you. He'll be here in a few minutes. It will be splendid if we can get them not to prosecute."

Mildred Strete got up and walked away. Lewis Serroccold did not notice her go. His earnest eyes gazed at Miss Marple through thick glasses.

"You see," he said, "the magistrates nearly always take the wrong view. Sometimes they're too severe, but sometimes they're too lenient. If these boys get a sentence of a few months it's no deterrent, but a severe sentence often sobers them. Or else it's better not to serve a prison sentence at all. Corrective training—constructive training like we have here."

Miss Marple burst firmly into speech. Her subject, she considered, was too important for vague side-tracking.

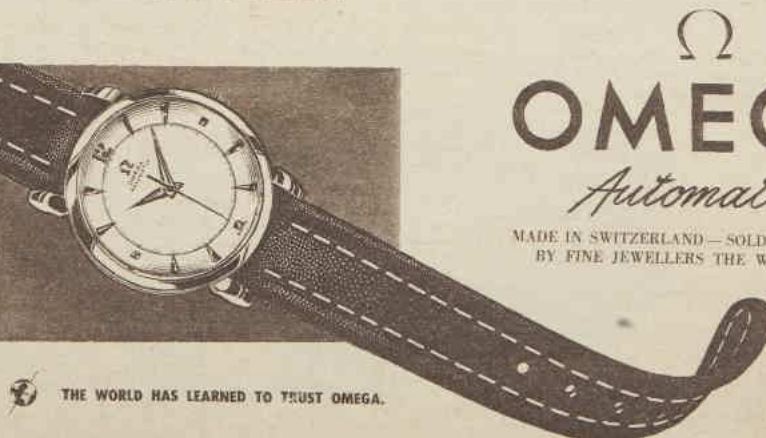
"Mr. Serroccold," she said. "Are you quite satisfied about young Mr. Lawton? Is he—is he quite normal?"

Please turn to page 38

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They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 37

A DISTURBED expression appeared on Lewis Serrocol's face. "I do hope Edgar isn't relaxing," he said. "What has he been saying?"

"He told me he was Winston Churchill's son."

"Of course—of course. The usual statements. He's illegitimate, as you've probably guessed, poor lad, and of very humble beginnings. He was a case recommended to me by a society in London. He'd assaulted a man in the street whom he said was spying on him. All very typical — Dr. Maverick will tell you."

"I went into his case history. Mother was of a poor class but a respectable family in Plymouth. Father a sailor she didn't even know his name. Child brought up in difficult circumstances. Started romancing about his father and later about himself. Wore uniform and decorations he wasn't entitled to—all quite typical. But Maverick considers the prognosis hopeful. If we can give him confidence in himself."

"I've given him responsibility here, tried to make him appreciate that it's not a man's birth that matters but what he is. I've tried to give him confidence in his own ability. The improvement was marked. I was very happy about him. And now you say—"

He shook his head.

"Mightn't he be dangerous, Mr. Serrocol?"

"Dangerous? I don't think he has shown any suicidal tendencies."

"I wasn't thinking of suicide. He talked to me of enemies—of persecution. Isn't that, forgive me—a dangerous sign?"

"I don't really think it has reached such a pitch. But I'll speak to Maverick. So far, he has been hopeful—very hopeful." He looked at his watch. "I must go. Ah, here is our dear Jolly. She will take charge of you."

Miss Believer, arriving briskly, said, "The car is at the door, Mr. Serrocol. Dr. Maverick rang through from the Institute. I said I would bring Miss Marple over. He will meet us at the gates."

"Thank you. I must go. My briefcase?"

"In the car, Mr. Serrocol." Lewis Serrocol hurried away. Looking after him, Miss Believer said: "Some day that man will drop dead in his tracks. It's against human nature never to relax or rest. He sleeps only four hours a night."

"He is very devoted to this cause," said Miss Marple.

"Never thinks of anything else," said Miss Believer grimly. "Never dreams of looking after his wife or considering her in any way. She's a sweet creature, as you know, Miss Marple, and she ought to have love and attention. But nothing's thought of or considered here except a lot of whining boys and young men who want to live easily and dismately and don't care about the idea of doing a little hard work."

Her voice became harder. "What about the decent boys from decent homes? Why isn't something done for them? Honesty just isn't interesting to cranks like Mr. Serrocol and Dr. Maverick and all the bunch of sentimentalists we've got here. I and my brothers were brought up the hard way, Miss Marple, and we weren't encouraged to whine. Soft, that's what the world is nowadays!"

They had crossed the garden and passed through a palisaded gate and had come to the entrance gate which Eric Brandson had erected as an entrance to his college, a sturdily built, hideous red-brick building.

Dr. Maverick, looking, Miss Marple decided, distinctly abnormal himself, came out to meet them.

"Thank you, Miss Believer," he said. "Now, Miss—er—oh,

yes, Miss Marple—I'm sure you're going to be interested in what we're doing here. In our splendid approach to this great problem. Mr. Serrocol is a man of great insight—great vision. And we've got Sir John Stillwell behind us—my old chief. He was at the Home Office until he retired and his influence turned the scales in getting this started."

"It's a medical problem—that's what we've got to get the legal authorities to understand. Psychiatry came into its own in the war. The one positive good that did come out of it—Now, first of all, I want you to see our initial approach to the problem. Look up—"

Miss Marple looked up at the words carved over the large arched doorway:

RECOVER HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE.

"Isn't that splendid? Isn't that just the right note to strike? You don't want to scold these lads—or punish them. That's what they're hankering after half the time, punishment. We want to make them feel what fine fellows they are."

"Like Edgar Lawson?" said Miss Marple.

"Interesting case, that. Have you been talking to him?"

"He has been talking to me," said Miss Marple. She added apologetically, "I wondered if, perhaps, he isn't a little mad?"

Dr. Maverick laughed cheerfully.

"We're all mad, dear lady," he said as he ushered her in through the door. "That's the secret of existence. We're all a little mad."

ON the whole, it was rather an exhausting day. Enthusiasm can be extremely wearing, Miss Marple thought. She felt vaguely dissatisfied with herself and her own reactions. There was a pattern here—perhaps several patterns—and yet she herself could obtain no clear glimpse of it or them.

Any vague disquietude she felt centred round the pathetic but inconspicuous personality of Edgar Lawson. If she could only find in her memory the right parallel.

Something that she could not quite put her finger on was wrong about Edgar Lawson—something that went beyond the observed and admitted facts. But for the life of her, Miss Marple did not see how that wrongness, whatever it was, affected Carrie Louise.

In the confused patterns of life at Stonygates, people's troubles and desires impinged on each other. But none of them (again as far as she could see) impinged on Carrie Louise.

Carrie Louise— Suddenly Miss Marple realised that she alone, except for the absent Ruth, used that name. To her husband she was Caroline. To Miss Believer, Cara. Stephen Restarick usu-

ally addressed her as Madeline. To Wally she was formally Mrs. Serrocol, and Gina elected to address her as Grandma—a mixture, she had explained, of Grande Dame and Grandma.

Was there some significance, perhaps, in the various names that were found for Caroline Louise Serrocol? Was she to all of them a symbol and, quite a real person?

When on the following morning Carrie Louise, dragging her feet a little as she walked, came and sat down on the garden seat beside her friend and asked her what she was thinking about, Miss Marple replied promptly: "You, Carrie Louise."

"What about me?"

"Tell me honestly—is there anything worrying you?"

"Worrying me?" The other woman raised wondering clear blue eyes. "But, Jane, what should worry me?"

"Well, most of us have worries." Miss Marple even twinkled a little. "I have. Slugs, you know—and the difficulty of getting lichen properly darned—oh, lots of little things—it seems unimportant that you shouldn't have any worries at all."

"I suppose I must have really," said Mrs. Serrocol vaguely. "Lewis works too hard, and Stephen forgets his meals slaving at the theatre, and Gina is very jumpy—but I've never been able to alter people—I don't see how you can. So it wouldn't be any good worrying, would it?"

"Mildred's not very happy either, is she?"

"Oh, no," said Carrie Louise. "Mildred never is happy. She wasn't as a child. Quite unlike Pippa, who was always radiant."

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Marple, "Mildred had cause not to be happy?"

Carrie Louise said quietly: "Because of being jealous? Yes, I dare say. But people don't really need a cause for feeling what they do feel. They're just made that way. Don't you think so, Jane?"

Miss Marple thought briefly of Miss Norris, a slave to a tyrannical invalid mother, poor Miss Norris, who longed for travel and to see the world. And of how St. Mary Mead in a decorous way had rejoiced when Mrs. Norris was laid in the churchyard and Miss Norris, with a nice little income, was free at last.

And of how Miss Norris, starting on her travels, had got no further than Hyeres, when, calling to see one of "mother's oldest friends," she had been so moved by the plight of an elderly hypochondriac that she had cancelled her travel reservations and taken up her abode in the villa to be bullied, worried, and to long, wretchedly, once more for wicker burners.

Miss Marple said, "I expect you're right, Carrie Louise."

Please turn to page 41



"I thought it was kind of a cute story. Of course, I never really understand jokes like that."

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Australian Women's Weekly — October 1, 1952

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Housewife ... Mother ... Teenager Business Girl ... Outdoor Woman

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AFTER a moment Carrie Louise went on, "Of course, my being so free from cars is partly due to Jolly. Dear Jolly. She came to me when Johnnie and I were just married and was wonderful from the first. She takes care of me as though I were a baby and quite helpless. I feel quite ashamed sometimes. I really believe Jolly would murder someone for me, Jane. Isn't that an awful thing to say?"

"She's certainly very devoted," agreed Miss Marple.

"She gets so indignant," Mrs. Serroccold's silvery laugh rang out. "She'd like me to be surrounded with luxuries, and she thinks everybody ought to put me first. She's the one person who's absolutely unimpressed by Lewis' enthusiasm. All our poor boys are in her view pampered young criminals and not worth taking trouble over. She thinks this place is damp and bad for my rheumatism, and that I ought to go somewhere warm and dry."

"Do you suffer much from rheumatism?"

"It's not much worse lately. I find it difficult to walk. Horrid cramps in my legs. Oh, well—again there came that bewitching, elfin smile, "age must tell."

Miss Believer came out of the french windows and hurried across to them.

"A telegram, Cara, just came over the telephone. Arriving this afternoon, Christian Brandson."

"Christian?" Carrie Louise looked very surprised. "I'd no idea he was in England."

"The oak suite, I suppose?" "Yes, please, Jolly. Then there will be no stain."

Miss Believer nodded and turned back to the house.

"Christian Brandson is my stepson," said Carrie Louise. "Eric's eldest son. Actually he's two years older than I am. He's one of the trustees of the Institute—the principal trustee. How very annoying that Lewis is away. Christian hardly ever stays longer than one night. He's an immensely busy man. And there are sure to be so many things they would want to discuss."

Christian Brandson arrived that afternoon in time for tea. He was a big, heavy-featured man, with a slow, methodical way of talking. He greeted Carrie Louise with every sign of affection.

"And how is our little Carrie Louise? You do not look a day older. Not a day."

His hands on her shoulders, he stood smiling down at her. A hand touched his sleeve.

"Christian!"

"Ah, he turned, "it is Mildred. How are you, Mildred?" "I've not really been at all well lately."

"That's bad. That is bad."

There was a strong resemblance between Christian Brandson and his half-sister, Mildred. There was nearly thirty years' difference in age, and they might easily have been taken for father and daughter.

Mildred herself seemed particularly pleased by his arrival. She was flushed and talkative, and had talked repeatedly during the day of "my brother," "my brother Christian," "my brother, Mr. Brandson."

"And how is little Gina?" said Christian, turning to that young woman. "You and your husband are still here, then?"

They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 38

"Yes. We've quite settled down, haven't we, Wally?"

"Looks like it," said Wally. Christian Brandson's small shrewd eyes seemed to sum up Wally quickly. Wally, as usual, looked sullen and unfriendly.

"So here I am with all the family again," said Christian.

His voice displayed a rather determined geniality—but in actual fact, Miss Marple thought, he was not feeling particularly genial. There was a grim set to his lips and a certain preoccupation in his manner.

Introduced to Miss Marple, he swept a keen look over her as though measuring and appraising this newcomer.

"We'd no idea you were in England, Christian," said Mrs. Serroccold.

"No, I came over rather unexpectedly."

"It is too bad that Lewis is away. How long can you stay?"

"I meant to go to-morrow. When will Lewis be back?"

"To-morrow afternoon or evening."

"It seems then that I must stay another night."

Miss Believer said to Miss Marple: "Mr. Brandson and Mr. Serroccold are both trustees of the Brandson Institute. The others are the Bishop of Cromei and Mr. Gilroy."

Presumably, then, it was on business connected with the Brandson Institute that Christian Brandson had come to Stonyvetes. It seemed to be assumed so by Miss Believer and everyone else. And yet Miss Marple wondered.

Once or twice the old man cast a thoughtful, puzzled look at Carrie Louise when she was not aware of it—a look that puzzled Carrie Louise's watching friend.

JANE MARPLE withdrew tactfully from the others when tea was over, but rather to her surprise, when she had settled herself with her knitting, Christian came in and sat down beside her.

"You are a very old friend, I think, of our dear Carrie Louise?" he said.

"We were at school together in Italy. Many, many years ago."

"Ah, yes. And you are fond of her?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Marple warmly.

"So, I think, is everyone. Yes, I truly think that. It should be so. For she is a very dear and enchanting person. Always, since my father married her, I and my brothers have loved her very much. She has been to us like a very dear sister. She was a faithful wife to my father and loyal to all his ideas. She has never thought of herself, but put the welfare of others first."

"She has always been an idealist," said Miss Marple.

"An idealist? Yes, yes, that is so. And therefore it may be that she does not truly appreciate the evil that there is in the world."

Miss Marple looked at him, surprised. His face was very stern.

"Tell me," he said. "How is her health?"

Again Miss Marple felt surprised. "She seems to me very well—apart from arthritis—or rheumatism."

"Rheumatism? Yes. And her heart? Her heart is good?"

"As far as I know," Miss Marple was still more surprised. "But until yesterday I had not seen her for many years. If you want to know the state of her health, you should ask somebody in the house here. Miss Believer, for instance."

"Miss Believer—Yes, Miss Believer. Or Mildred?"

"Or, as you say, Mildred."

Christian was staring at her very hard. "There is not between the mother and daughter a very great sympathy, would you say?"

"No, I don't think there is."

"I agree. It is a pity—the only child—but there it is. Now this Miss Believer, you think, is really attached to her?"

"Very much so."

"And Carrie Louise leans on this Miss Believer?"

"I think so."

Christian was frowning. He spoke as though to himself than to Miss Marple.

"There is the little Gina—but she is so young. It is difficult—" He broke off.

"Sometimes," he said simply, "it is hard to know what is best to be done. I wish very much to act for the best. I am particularly anxious that no harm and no unhappiness should come to that dear lady. But it is not easy—not easy at all."

Mrs. Stretc came into the room at that moment.

"Oh, there you are, Christian. We were wondering where you were. Dr. Maverick wants to know if you would like to go over anything with him."

"That is the new young doctor here? No—no, I will wait until Lewis returns."

"He's waiting in Lewis' study. Shall I tell him—"

"I will have a word with him myself."

Brandson hurried out. Mildred Stretc stared after him and then stared at Miss Marple.

"I wonder if anything is wrong. Christian is very unlike himself. Did he say anything—"

"He only asked me about your mother's health."

"Her health? Why should he ask you about that?" Mildred spoke sharply, her large square face flushed unbecomingly.

"I really don't know."

"Mother's health is perfectly good. Surprisingly so for a woman of her age. Much better than mine as far as that goes."

She paused a moment before saying, "I hope you told him so?"

"I don't really know anything about it," said Miss Marple. "He asked me about her heart?"

"Yes."

"There's nothing wrong with Mother's heart. Nothing at all."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so, my dear."

"What on earth put all these queer ideas into Christian's head?"

"I've no idea," said Miss Marple.

The next day passed uneventfully to all appearances, yet to Miss Marple it seemed that there were signs of an inner tension. Christian Brandson spent his morning with Dr. Maverick in going round the Institute and in discussing the general results of the Institute's policy.

In the afternoon Gina took

him for a drive, and after that Miss Marple noticed that he induced Miss Believer to show him something in the gardens. It seemed to her that it was a pretext for ensuring a tête-à-tête with that grim woman. Yet, if Christian's unexpected visit had only to do with business matters, why this wish for Miss Believer's company, since the latter dealt only with the domestic side of matters?

But in all this Miss Marple could tell herself that she was being fanciful. The one really disturbing incident of the day happened about four o'clock. She had rolled up her knitting and had gone out in the garden to take a stroll before tea.

Rounding a straggling rhododendron she came upon Edgar Lawson, who was striding along muttering to himself and who nearly ran into her.

He said, "I beg your pardon," hastily, but Miss Marple was startled by the queer, staring expression of his eyes.

"Aren't you feeling well, Mr. Lawson?"

"Well? How should I be feeling well? I've had a shock—a terrible shock."

"What kind of a shock?"

The young man gave a swift glance past her, and then a sharp, uneasy glance to each side.

"Shall I tell you?" He looked at her doubtfully. "I don't know. I don't really know. I've been so spied upon."

Miss Marple made up her mind. She took him firmly by the arm.

"If we walk down this path . . . There, now, there are no trees or bushes near. Nobody can overhear."

"No—no, you're right." He drew a deep breath, bent his head, and almost whispered his next words. "I've made a discovery. A terrible discovery."

"What kind of a discovery?"

Edgar Lawson began to shake all over. He was almost weeping.

"To have trusted someone! To have believed . . . and it was lies—all lies. Lies to keep me from finding out the truth. I can't bear it. It's too wicked. You see, he was the one person I trusted, and now to find out that all the time he's been at the bottom of it all. It's he who's been my enemy!"

"Who is 'he'?" demanded Miss Marple.

Edgar Lawson drew himself up to his full height. He might have looked pathetic and dignified. But actually he only looked ridiculous.

"I'm speaking of my father."

"Viscount Montgomery—or do you mean Winston Churchill?"

Edgar threw her a glance of scorn.

"They let me think that—just to keep me from pursuing the truth. But I know now. I've got a friend—a real friend—who tells me the truth and lets me know how I've been deceived. Well, my father will have to reckon with me. I'll throw his lies in his face! I'll challenge him with the truth."

Suddenly breaking away, Edgar went off at a run.

Her face grave, Miss Marple went back to the house.

"We're all a little mad, dear lady," Dr. Maverick had said.

But it seemed to her that in Edgar's case it went rather further than that.

Please turn to page 43



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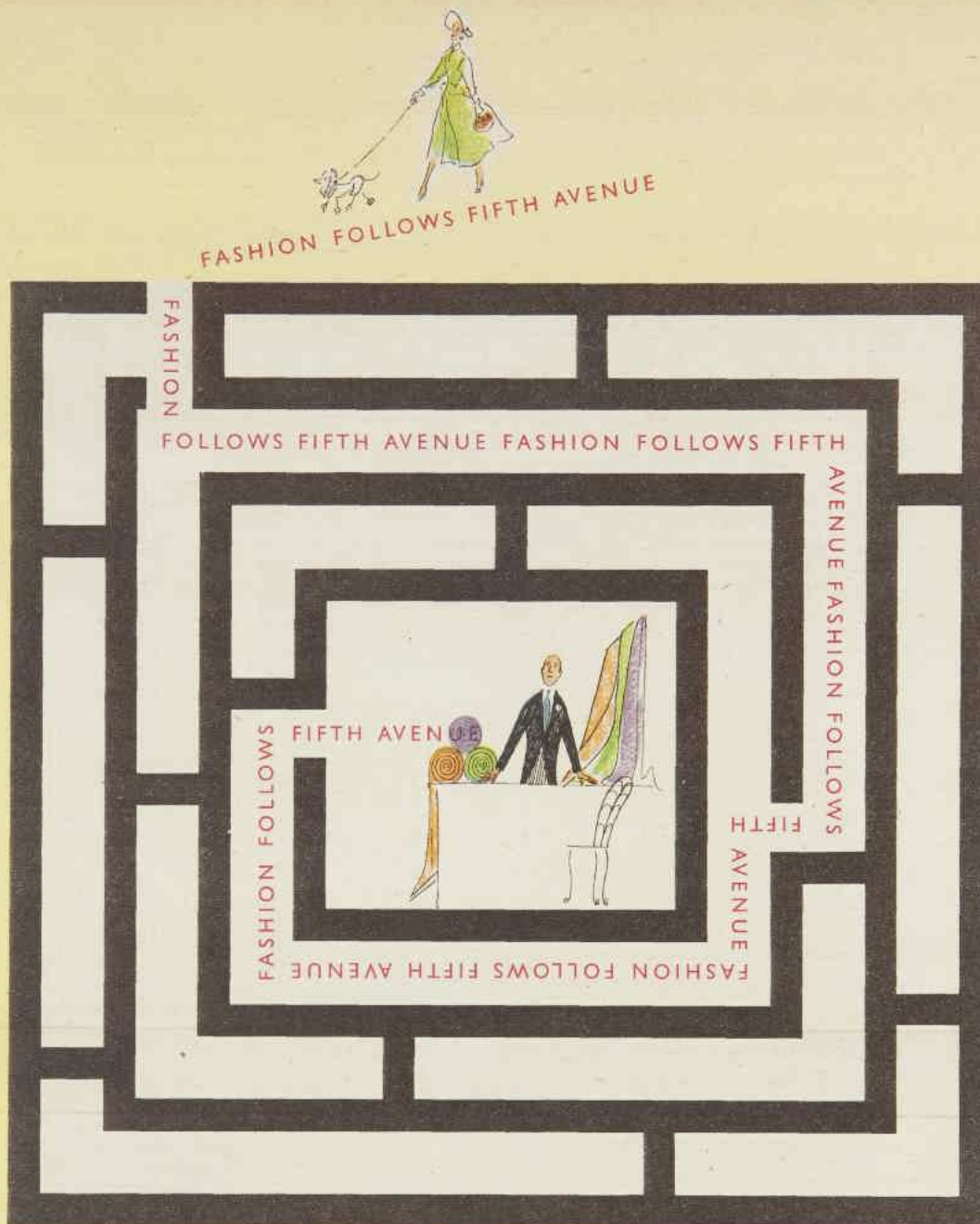
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Lewis Serro-

COLD arrived back at six-thirty. He stopped the car at the gate and walked to the house through the park. Looking out of her window, Miss Marple saw Christian Brandson get out to meet him and the two men, having greeted one another, turned and paced to and fro up and down the terrace.

Miss Marple had been careful to bring her bird glasses with her. At this moment she brought them into action. Was there, or was there not, a flight of taking by that far clump of trees?

She noted as the glasses swept down that both men were looking seriously disturbed. Miss Marple leant out a little further. Scraps of conversation floated up to her.

"How to spare Carrie Louise the knowledge—"

Brandson said.

"If it can be kept from her, I assure that it is she who must be considered."

"Really serious—" "not justified—" "too big a responsibility to take—" "we should, perhaps, take outside advice."

Finally Miss Marple heard Christian Brandson say: "It grows cold. We must go inside."

Miss Marple drew her head in through the window with a pained expression. What she had heard served to confirm that vague apprehension that had been gradually growing upon her and about which Ruth Van Rydock had been so positive.

Whatever was wrong at Sunnygate, it definitely affected Carrie Louise.

Dinner that evening was a somewhat constrained meal. Both Christian and Lewis were absentminded and absorbed in their own thoughts. Walter Hudd glowered even more than usual, and for once Gina and Stephen seemed to have little to say either to each other, or to the company at large.

Conversation was mostly sustained by Dr. Maverick, who had a lengthy technical discussion with Mr. Baumgarten, the occupational therapist.

When they moved into the hall after dinner Christian excused himself almost at once. He said he had an important letter to write.

"So if you will forgive me, dear Carrie Louise, I will go now to my room."

"You have all you want there? Jolly?"

"Yes, yes. Everything. A typewriter, I asked, and one has been put there. Miss Believer has been most kind and attentive."

He left the great hall by the door on the left which led past the foot of the main staircase and along a corridor, at the end of which was a suite of bedrooms and bathroom.

When he had gone out Carrie Louise said: "Not going down to the theatre tonight, Gina?"

The girl shook her head. She went over and sat by the window overlooking the front drive and the court.

Stephen glanced at her, then strolled over to the big grand piano. He sat down at it and strummed softly. The two occupational therapists and Dr. Maverick said good-night and left. Walter turned the switch of a reading-lamp and with a crackling noise half the lights in the hall went out.

"That switch is always faulty," he growled. "I'll go and put a new fuse in."

He left the hall and Carrie Louise murmured, "Wally's so clever with electric gadgets and things like that. You remember how he fixed that toaster?"

"It seems to be all he does do here," said Mildred Strete. "Mother, have you taken your tonic?"

Miss Believer looked annoyed. "I declare I completely forgot to-night!" She jumped up and went into the dining-

They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 41

room, returning presently with a small glass containing a little rose-colored fluid.

Smiling a little, Carrie Louise held out an obedient hand.

"Such horrid stuff, and nobody lets me forget it," she said, making a wry face.

And then, unexpectedly, Lewis Serrocol said: "I don't think I should take it to-night, my dear. I'm not sure it really agrees with you." He took the glass and put it down on the big oak Welsh dresser.

Miss Believer said sharply, "Really, Mr. Serrocol, I can't agree with you there. Mrs. Serrocol has been very much better since—" She broke off and turned sharply.

The front door was pushed violently open and allowed to swing to with a crash. Edgar Lawson came into the big dim hall with the air of a star performer making a triumphant entry. He stood in the middle of the floor and struck an attitude.

"So I have found you, O mine enemy!" he said to Lewis Serrocol.

Lewis looked mildly astonished. "Why, Edgar, what is the matter?"

"You can say that to me—you! You know what's the matter. You've been deceiving me, spying on me, working with my enemies against me."

Lewis took him by the arm. "Now, now, my dear lad, don't excite yourself. Tell me all about it quietly. Come into my office."

He led him across the hall and through a door on the right, closing it behind him. After he had done so, there was another sound, the sharp sound of a key being turned into the lock.

Miss Believer looked at Miss Marple, the same idea in both their minds. It was not Lewis Serrocol who had turned the key.

GLANCING

swiftly at Carrie Louise, Miss Believer said sharply, "That young man is just about to go off his head, in my opinion. It isn't safe."

Mildred said, "He's a most unbalanced young man—and absolutely ungrateful for everything that's been done for him—you ought to put your foot down, Mother."

"There's no harm in him, really," Carrie Louise murmured. "He's very fond of Lewis."

Miss Marple looked at her curiously. There had been no fondness in the expression that Edgar had turned on Lewis Serrocol a few moments previously. She wondered, as she had wondered before, if Carrie Louise deliberately turned her back on reality.

Gina said sharply, "He had something in his pocket, Edgar, I mean. Playing with it?"

Stephen took his hands from the keys. "Is a film it would certainly have been a revolver," Miss Marple coughed. "I think, you know," she said apologetically, "it was a revolver."

From behind the closed door of Lewis' office the sound of voices had been discernible. Now, suddenly, they became clearly audible. Edgar Lawson shouted while Lewis' voice kept its even, reasonable note.

"Lies—lies—lies, all lies. You're my father. I'm your son. You've deprived me of my rights. I ought to own this place. You hate me—you want to get rid of me!"

There was a soothing murmur from Lewis and then the hysterical voice rose higher. It screamed foul epithets. Occasional words came from Lewis—"calm—just be calm—you know none of this is true—" But they only seemed to enrage the young man still further.

"I'll have revenge, I tell you," Edgar yelled. "Revenge for all you've made me suffer."

The other voice came curtly, unlike Lewis' usual unemotional tones. "Put that revolver down!"

Gina cried, "Edgar will kill him. He's crazy. Can't we get the police or something?"

Carrie Louise, still unmoved, said softly: "There's no need to worry, Gina. Edgar loves Lewis. He's just dramatising himself, that's all."

Edgar's voice sounded in a laugh that sounded definitely insane.

"Yes, I've got a revolver—and it's loaded. No, don't speak, don't move. You're going to hear me out. It's you who started this conspiracy against me, and now you're going to pay for it."

What sounded like the report of a firearm made them all start, but Carrie Louise said: "It's all right, it's outside—in the park somewhere."

"Why don't you get down on your knees and beg for mercy?" Edgar was raving. "I'm going to shoot, I tell you. I'm going to shoot you dead! I'm your son—you unacknowledged, despised son—you wanted me hidden away, out of the world. You set your spies to follow me—to hound me down—you plotted against me."

Again there came a stream of obscene profanity. Somewhere during the scene Miss Marple was conscious of Miss Believer saying, "We must do something," and leaving the hall.

"You're going to die!" Edgar shouted. "Take that, you devil, and that!"

Two sharp cracks rang out—not in the park this time, but definitely behind the locked door.

Somebody, Miss Marple thought it was Mildred, cried out, "What shall we do?"

There was a thud from inside the room, and then a sound, almost more terrible than what had gone before, the sound of slow, heavy sobbing.

Somebody strode past Miss Marple and started shaking and rattling the door. It was Stephen Restarick.

"Open the door," he shouted. Miss Believer came back into the hall. In her hand she held an assortment of keys.

"Try some of these," she said breathlessly.

At that moment the fused lights came on again. The hall sprang into life again after its eerie dimness.

Stephen Restarick began trying the keys. They heard the inside key fall out as he did so. Inside that wild, desperate sobbing went on.

Walter, coming lazily back into the hall, stopped dead and demanded, "Say, what's going on?"

Mildred said tearfully, "That awful, crazy young man has shot Mr. Serrocol!"

"Please," it was Carrie Louise who spoke. She got up and came across to the study door. Very gently she pushed Stephen Restarick aside. "Let me in, will you? Please, Edgar."

They heard the key fitted into the lock. It turned and the door slowly opened.

But it was not Edgar who opened it. It was Lewis Serrocol. He was breathing hard as though he had been running, but otherwise he was unmoved.

"It's all right, dearest," he said. "It's quite all right." "We thought you'd been shot," said Miss Believer gruffly.

Lewis Serrocol frowned. He said with a trifle of asperity, "Of course I haven't been shot."

They could see into the study by now. Edgar Lawson had collapsed by the desk, sobbing and gasping. The revolver lay on the floor where it had dropped from his hand.

"But we heard the shots," said Mildred.

"Oh, yes, he fired twice—" "And he missed you?"

"Of course he missed me," snapped Lewis. "Where's Maverick? It's Maverick we need."

Miss Believer said, "I'll get him. Shall I ring up the police as well?"

"Police? Certainly not."

"Of course we must ring up the police," said Mildred. "He's dangerous."

"Nonsense," said Lewis Serrocol. "Poor lad. Does he look dangerous?"

At the moment he did not look dangerous. He looked young and pathetic and rather repulsive.

"I didn't mean to do it," he groaned. "I dunno what came over me—talking all that stuff—I must have been mad. Please, Mr. Serrocol, I really didn't mean to."

Lewis Serrocol patted him on the shoulder. "That's all right, my boy. No damage done."

Walter walked across the room and peered at the wall behind the desk.

"The bullets went in here," he said. His eye dropped to the desk and the chair behind it. "Must have been a near miss," he said grimly.

"I lost my head. I didn't know what I was doing. I thought he'd done me out of my rights. I thought—"

Miss Marple put in the question she had been wanting to ask for some time.

"Who told you," she asked, "that Mr. Serrocol was your father?"

Just for a second a sly expression peeped out of Edgar's distracted face. It was there and gone in a flash.

"Nobody," he said. "I just got it into my head."

Walter was staring down at the revolver on the floor.

"Looks mighty like my gun," he stooped down and picked it up. "By heck, it is! You took it out of my room, you rat!"

Lewis Serrocol interposed between the cringing Edgar and the menacing American.

"All this can be gone into later," he said. "Ah, here's Maverick. Take a look at him, will you, Maverick?"

Dr. Maverick advanced upon Edgar with a kind of professional zest.

"This won't do, Edgar," he said. "This won't do, you know."

"He's a dangerous lunatic," said Mildred sharply. "He's been shooting a revolver and raving. He only just missed my stepfather."

Edgar gave a little yelp and Dr. Maverick said reprovingly. "Careful, please, Mrs. Strete."

Mildred said angrily, "I tell you he's—"

Her mother said soothingly, "Please, Mildred. Not now. He's suffering."

"I'll take charge of him," said Dr. Maverick. "You come with me, Edgar. Bed and a sedative—and we'll talk everything over in the morning. Now you trust me, don't you?"

Rising to his feet and trembling a little, Edgar looked doubtfully at the young doctor and then at Mildred Strete. "She said—I was a lunatic."

"You're not a lunatic."

Miss Believer's footpads rang purposefully across the hall. She came in with her lips pursed and a flushed face.

"I've telephoned the police," she said grimly. "They will be here in a few minutes."

Carrie Louise cried, "Jolly!" in tones of dismay.

Edgar uttered a wail.

Lewis Serrocol frowned angrily. "I told you, Jelly, I did not want the police summoned. This is a medical matter."

"That's as may be," said Miss Believer. "I've my own opinion. But I had to call the police. Mr. Brandson's been shot dead."

To be continued



Safer for Chaim—Safer for Skin—Safer for Clothes
New MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS MUM

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When you immerse your dentures in 'Steradent', the oxygen content drives stains, film and odours out of every corner and crevice. 'Steradent' disinfects and deodorises, leaving teeth and plate gleaming with absolute cleanliness.



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His boots were down at heel.
He didn't run a bank account.
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READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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 - Springtime in the Rockeries.
 - Growing Vegetables for the Home.
 - How to Grow Good Carnations.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

Some of my patients

How to avoid travel sickness
Allergy sufferers can get relief



**MAKE PASTRY THE
QUICK, EASY, MODERN
WAY—STRAIGHT OUT OF
THE BAKED PACKET!**

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

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Save Money!

*This bottle makes more than
2 dozen
brimming glasses
of Mynor Fruit Cup!*



*... it
costs you less than*
2d. a glass



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MYNOR

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GRACE BROS.

October

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GRACE BROS PTY LTD
SYDNEY, PO BOX 42 BROADWAY

Open plan house for sunshine

DESIGNED by well-known Sydney architect Mr. S. Ancher, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bristow's home at Wahroonga, N.S.W., was one of the first in Sydney in which the living area was built to an "open plan."

Set in bushland, the home is on a high ridge and has a long northern view of Kuring-gai Chase.

In the open plan section the entrance, living, dining, and kitchen space merge into one large room. Except for a small area in the kitchen and entrance, all the walls are glass, and by day when it is bright with sunshine the room has an atmosphere of outdoor living.

The entrance-hall separates the living area from the bedrooms, which open off a hallway running parallel with the front terrace. In this part of the house there is also a cosy family sunroom.



FACING SOUTH. Mr. and Mrs. J. Bristow's timber home at Wahroonga is built to the slope of the ground (above). The combined garage and hobby-room in the brick area below floor level is also accessible from inside the house.

GLASS WALLS give a maximum of light and sun and a feeling of greater spaciousness to the living area. Cream cotton drapes, off-white floor rugs, and character-and-white upholstered chairs provide a cool atmosphere to the room.



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are popular as an appetising Super-Snack or Meal-In-A-Moment. They, too, are full of nutritious country-killed pork . . . they're smoked to a turn . . . they have that delicious melt-in-your-mouth flavour, distinctive to Anderson's Famous Frankfurts.

Give the whole family a treat . . . give them an economical, nourishing, appetising meal . . . with Anderson's Famous Pork Sausages or Frankfurts . . . but insist on Anderson's and accept no others.

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"Home on the Pig's Back"

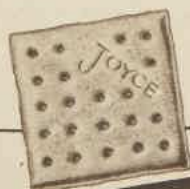
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ANDERSON'S FAMOUS PORK SAUSAGES AND FRANKFURTS

irresistible!



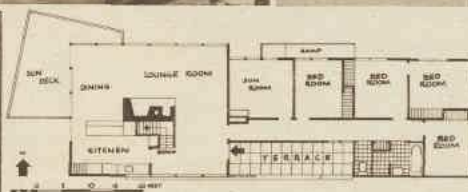
Here's the "temptingest" cheese biscuit you've ever tasted! Not a cracker . . . a crisp, crumbless, dainty-sized square made with mellow Cheddar, piquantly salted. It's the Joyce Cheddarette, perfect as a savoury biscuit with drinks, soups and morning tea.



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JOYCE

CHEDDARETTES



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN shows how the entrance, dining-room, living-room, and kitchen form one large living area. The house was designed so that every room gets light and sun. Stairs behind a centrally built fireplace in the living-room lead from the kitchen to the garage and hobby-room below.



ENTRANCE HALL, with ceiling-high windows, leads directly into the living area. On the other side of the entrance hall runs a long passageway from which a small sunroom and the bedrooms open off. A ramp leads from the sunroom to the garden on the north side.

Sound mothercraft is better than an insurance policy as a guarantee of radiant health and happiness for mother and baby.

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You'll find the tang of Big Sister Fruit Chutney adds zest to cold meats and combines wonderfully to give sandwich spreads extra flavour and nourishment. Pop a spoonful or so in your next stew or casserole and sit back for compliments to the cook.

Big Sister
Sweet Fruit
Chutney

LILLIS & CO. LIMITED, BALMAIN, AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 1, 1952

Swedish table settings



ROSE-AND-WHITE tablecloth is the background for the new curved dinner-plates which stand on clear glass service plates. The hyacinths and shades of the table-lamps are palest rose.

HOMEMAKERS in Sweden take as much care in setting a table for a family meal as they do in arranging a table for a festive occasion.

This does not mean that their tables are elaborately appointed. Many, in fact, are very simple, but even for a breakfast setting great care is taken.

Pictured on this page are four table settings selected by our Homemaker Editor, Eve Gye, during her recent trip abroad. They were part of an exhibition in a Stockholm store.



DINNER FOR TWO. Black-and-white setting of stark-white china and black-and-white candlesticks and white candles (above).

FORMAL table for four (right). Called "Salute to England," this arrangement has crisp broderie anglaise placemats set on a polished mahogany table. The English china is patterned in soft pinks and greys. Sauce-boats hold Victorian-style flower arrangements.

NUTMEG-BROWN and white fringed homespun placemats on a Swedish pine table in a dinner setting. China is yellow deepening to nutmeg, glasses are olive-green.



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This Silver Fox Cape and many others **19 gn.**

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fur news



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Your Fur serviced **FREE OF CHARGE**

Every Cornelius fur is guaranteed and carries this metal seal. It entitles you to have your fur serviced free after six months.

"You'd never guess what we're getting Mother!"

"A gorgeous watermole cape—she's always wanted one, but they cost so much. Anyway, Sis and I had a wonderful idea . . . for the family to each throw in £1 a week, and Mummy will have her cape by Christmas. Why don't you lay-by a fur for Christmas? It's only £3 deposit! This mink-brown watermole cape is a real collector's piece—fabulously cut with a circular yoke and rich gathers of sleek fur. Incredibly slimming! A full 18" long . . . it is remarkably priced at only 48 guineas."



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receive the personal attention of Mr. Cornelius. He will answer enquiries, send illustrations of furs in stock and help you choose an individual fur to flatter your figure and colouring. Write to-day! Any fur can be ordered by mail.

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BLINDS AND X-L-ALL EXTERIOR BLINDS

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- Top of curtain completely hidden. Special exclusive fixtures support curtain rail out of sight, allow curtains to drop gracefully at side of blind.
- Tilt has positive worm action; is cadmium-plated — won't rust.



- Blind pulls up into smaller space — looks neater. Pulleys are permanently lubricated — won't squeak — noiseless in operation.
- All exposed woodwork has four coats of best quality Dulux. Wooden head and bottom rail are smarter, more practical.



Improve your home at little cost.

Rooms suddenly seem larger, are much more pleasant, more airy, more healthy to live in. Your home, equipped with Mello-Lites, looks smarter, more modern, and in consequence its value leaps up out of all proportion.

Mello-Lite Modern Venetians have lightweight aluminium slats that are easy to clean, easy to handle. There's an almost unlimited range of artistic colour combinations.

Everything, everything about Mello-Lites is top grade. The beautifully moulded fascia and bottom rail are of wood, because wood is far more practical at these two points. The fascia has a charming pelmet effect and the bottom rail is just the right weight to ensure a graceful drop. With the single self-locking pull cord Mello-Lites can be drawn and locked in any position in one easy operation. Exclusive curtain fittings are free; hold down brackets, where needed, are free, also. At your store, or mail the coupon.



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EXCEL ALL other blinds—are weatherproof, cost less, won't rot like other types of outside blinds, last a lifetime.

On verandahs or wherever exterior blinds are needed, X-L-ALL Blinds are far and away the best buy. X-L-ALL Blinds cost less even than canvas, last far longer. Once installed you've no further expense apart from an occasional coat of paint, which can be applied without removing the blind.

Just right for a sleepout. X-L-ALL Blinds give full privacy, ample ventilation. They're rigid, noiseless, roll easily, have a patent Sure Grip Pulley for sure fixing and easy manipulation. Made of selected seasoned timbers with rustless linked chains. At your store or mail coupon for prices and full details.

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Pains renovate all makes of Venetians—completely retape, replace broken components, re-color and re-paint in same colour, or to suit your new colour scheme. Pains also renovate X-L-ALL Blinds. Send coupon, together with details of renovating you require. Pains give prompt and swift attention to all renovations.



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- ☐ Please send me X-L-ALL Price List.
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- ☐ Please send me price list for Holland Blinds.

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Put cross ☒ in square concerned.

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DON'T BE AFRAID OF MODERN FURNITURE

HOME
DECORATION

Modern designs are ideal if you are furnishing on a budget, according to Joan Martin. She also suggests to a reader how they can be combined with antique or Chinese pieces.

By JOAN MARTIN

I AM getting married soon and we are furnishing our own flat. My fiancé likes modern furniture, but I am frightened that the rooms will look too cold and bare. What do you think?

The term "modern" seems to cause controversy whenever furniture is under discussion.

It seems to me that quite often people confuse modern with the early attempts at "futuristic" furnishings, which were not only cold and bare-looking but in most instances ugly.

To-day contemporary furniture has become a point of view rather than a style.

The mannerisms that characterized modern furnishings in the late twenties—the twisted pieces of tubing that were meant to be chairs, the bookcases that looked like ill-designed skyscrapers—have disappeared.

Sectional furniture has possibly been the greatest contribution to modern home furnishings.

It permits more economical use of floor space and does wonders for the scale of a room, since several pieces become more important grouped than used singly.

Some people still shudder at the word modern—they probably have in their possession fine antique pieces which they have collected or inherited. These same people would indeed shudder if you suggested that the rest of the house (especially the plumbing) should be in exactly the same period as the furniture.

The unadorned surfaces of modern design are an excellent background for period furniture, and there is no more pleasing combination than ancient Chinese and the best in Contemporary.

For young people getting married and for anyone with a very limited budget, modern furnishings are ideal.

A few well-chosen pieces, a simple but unusual combination of colors, and the elimination of a variety of small items will go a long way in achieving distinction at comparatively little cost.

The room illustrated is, I feel, an excellent example of this. It has an uncluttered look that is restful and pleasing to the eye, and the unusual blending of color gives character.

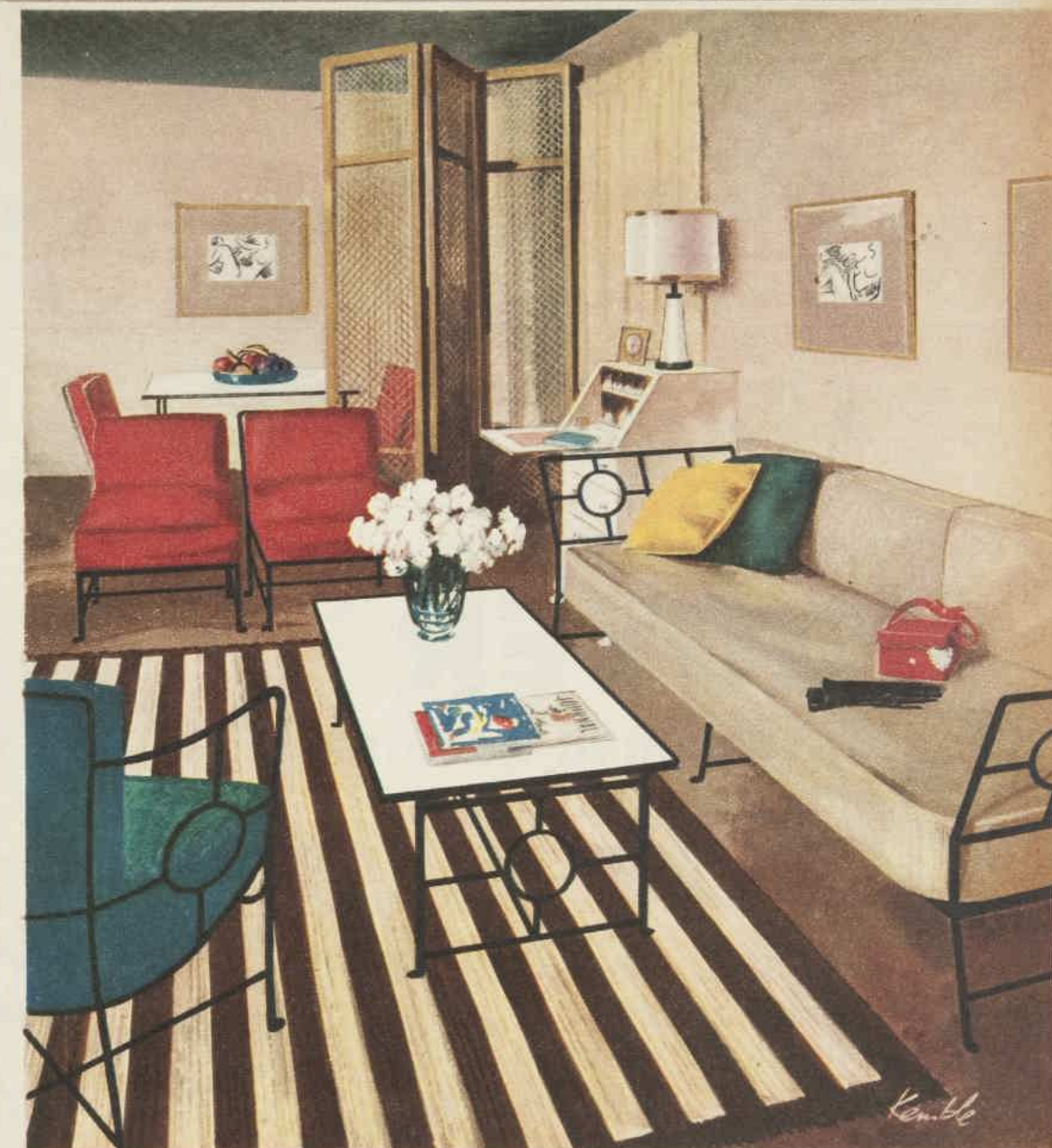
The use of a screen to divide the living from the dining end of the room is very popular in America. It is both practical and decorative, since it permits the room to be fully opened up when needed with very little effort.

(COULD you suggest a color scheme for my dining-living-room?)

It has old-fashioned skirting-boards and a lot of woodwork round the fireplace.

There are a dark and heavy dining-room table, sideboard, and six chairs which I have painted larch-green with Chinese-red patterned seats.

The rest of the furniture consists



of a couch and a chair. Would it be possible to eliminate the sideboard and have something for drinks?

By painting your heavy dining-room furniture you have already gone a long way towards making your room attractive.

I suggest you paint the walls a limey olive-green.

Without seeing the room it is difficult to advise, but you could use your own discretion as to whether you paint the woodwork white or the same color as the walls.

The couch and chair would look well covered in plain green, off-white, or green-and-white stripes, the curtains in plain material in whatever color you prefer—off-white or the green of the wall.

Have you thought of using a tray-mobile for drinks? It is most useful as it can be wheeled where needed. Painted to match your dining-room suite it would look most attractive.

The floor covering is largely a matter of what you wish to spend. Carpet, of course, cannot be bettered, but, with the Chinese effort

you already have, an economical floor covering would be rush matting or plain druggat.

WE have bought a house which has a green-tiled bathroom. The tiles go half-way up the wall, the rest is plastered and painted to match.

I don't like all green and want to repaint the walls and woodwork. I am tired of the usual green-and-white and hope you will be able to suggest something a little different.

If your tiles are the standard green, which is used most frequently, I can well imagine how heavy the room must look painted all the one color.

The green I visualise is a rather strong one, and combining another suitable color is not easy. Pale yellow or pale pink would possibly be the happiest combination, but I suggest that you reconsider white.

To get away from the conventional green-and-white you could paint the ceiling a different color. This gives a faint reflection which appears to

lift the white, and creates a most attractive effect.

With a break of white between the tiles and the ceiling you could afford to use quite strong color—a coral-pink would look lovely.

I AM furnishing a very small nursery, and, although I have room for a chest of drawers and a cot, I don't seem to have enough space for a table large enough to use while dressing and attending to the baby.

Although there is room against the wall for it, a table of the necessary size would take up too much floor space.

I do think it is most important to have a table, but as it takes up so much of your room it might be a good idea to have a hinged table attached to the wall.

This can be put up only when needed, and at other times would leave your floor space quite uncluttered.

I WOULD like to use a touch of black in a room which is mostly pink-and-white. I thought of having black cushions. Do you think they would look all right?

I think there are other ways of introducing black which would be more effective.

A table lamp with a black base and a white shade, a tall black wrought-iron standard lamp, or a small black coffee-table should look smart against the pink-and-white background.

A note of black in any room is always good. Like white, it is dramatic, but unlike white, which can be used freely, black must be used discreetly or it will completely dominate the room.

Perhaps you have some black ornaments. If so, try grouping them against a light background.

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for entry details. Or call in and see your
local Hoover retailer.

Made by the Makers of the World's Best Cleaner

Rose tea-party cakes win £5

Rose cakes, which win £5 for a reader this week, are decorative on an afternoon-tea table and are delicious to eat.

THE rose cake mixture is easy to make, but, as it is not economical, you may prefer to use your own basic plain cake mixture.

Rhubarb bran muffins, which win a consolation prize, can be served hot with butter and honey for morning or afternoon tea or in place of a dessert for a week-end meal.

A savory luncheon medley of sausage, sweet potato, and apple, and a tomato-flavored cheese rarebit also win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

ROSE CAKES

Three ounces plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, chopped nuts, colored coconut.

Almond Paste: Two ounces ground almonds, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1½ tablespoons castor sugar, lemon juice, vanilla, water or milk to mix, pink coloring.

Melt butter or substitute, cool. Beat eggs and sugar over boiling water until mixture is pale in color and very thick (approximately 5 to 7 minutes). Fold in flour sifted several times, then melted shortening. Fill into greased 8in. sandwich-tin lined with greased paper. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool, cut into rounds with 2in. cutter. Coat with warmed apricot jam, roll sides in coconut.

Prepare almond paste. Combine dry ingredients, mix to a stiff paste with milk or water. Flavor with lemon juice and vanilla and color pale pink. Roll thinly on board coated with sifted icing sugar. Cut into rounds about 1in. in diameter. Arrange circles around top of each cake, turning edges up. Place small d.b. of jam in centre and top with chopped nuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Lennon, c/o "Carinya," Smith's Estate, Stafford, Brisbane.

TOMATO RAREBIT

Four tomatoes, 3oz. cheese, 1oz. butter or substitute, ¼ cup milk, 1 teaspoon mustard, salt, pepper, buttered toast.

Warm milk and shortening, do not allow to boil. Stir in skinned and sliced tomato, cook until tender. Add cheese, sliced very thinly or coarsely grated. Stir and cook until cheese is soft and mixture heated through. Add salt, pepper, and mustard. Serve on toast slices.

Try tomato rarebit this way for a party savory: Remove crusts from thin slices of day-old bread. Brush both sides with melted butter, press into patty-tins, leaving corners projecting. Bake in hot oven until crisp and lightly browned. Fill with tomato rarebit, reheat before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Stagatch, 15 Ozon St., Alberton, S.A.



ROSE CAKES, which win this week's £5 prize, are decorated with pink almond paste and pale green coconut.

SAUSAGE AND SWEET POTATO MEDLEY

Three-quarters of a pound sausages, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 medium-sized sweet potatoes, 3 apples, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour, a little sugar, ¼ cup water, 1 dessert-spoon shortening.

Cut sausages into 1in. pieces, fry slowly until well cooked. Peel potatoes and apples, core apples, slice. Blend flour, salt, and sugar with water. Arrange layers of potato slices, apple rings, and sausages in greased ovenproof dish. Pour blended flour over each layer. Finish with layer of apple. Dot with shortening, cover, and bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. McGeorge, 7 Tanner's Ave., Carlton, N.S.W.

RHUBARB BRAN MUFFINS

One and a half cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ cup bran, pinch bicarbonate soda, ¼ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, ½ cup diced rhubarb, 1 egg.

Soak bran and soda in milk. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and honey. Stir in beaten egg, then bran and milk. Fold in rhubarb and sifted flour and baking powder. Fill into greased muffin or patty tins, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot with butter and honey.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Taylor, Princes Highway, Drouin, Vic.

Care of children in summer

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE long days of summer enable children to spend more time out-of-doors and as a rule they are much healthier and happier then.

Though there are fewer problems to face—clothes dry easier and chills are less likely to develop—there are other seasonal difficulties and setbacks to be guarded against.

A child's diet must be adjusted. Overfeeding especially should be avoided. Irritating rashes and restlessness are also likely to occur if a child is not correctly clothed.

A leaflet on how to deal with the disadvantages of summer can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with the request.

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 128-134 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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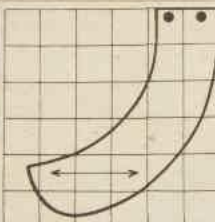
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IN the diagram above, each square equals 1in., the spots mark the edge to be cut on the fold of the material, and the arrow marks the straight grain of the fabric.

MAKE this Peter Pan collar in crisp white pique and wear it with summer frocks. Teenagers will like the tiny Victorian posy at the neckline.

Materials: Quarter yard white pique, 36in. wide; matching bias binding; small bunch artificial flowers; ½yd. lace or broderie anglaise edging, 2in. wide.

To Cut Out: Make a paper pattern from the diagram, in which one square equals 1in. The two spots mark the edge to be laid on the fold of the material and the arrow marks the straight grain of the fabric.

Cut out two sections for collar, allowing ½in. seams all round.

To Make: Place the collar sections with right sides together and stitch round outer edge. Trim seam, turn right side out, and press. Bind the inner raw edges of the collar together with bias binding.

Sew the end of the lace edging together in a flat seam and run a gathering thread round the straight edges of lace. Place flowers in the centre of lace, draw up gathering thread to fit, and sew in position. Sew safety-pin behind flowers and when pinning the collar catch in both collar ends.

Choose

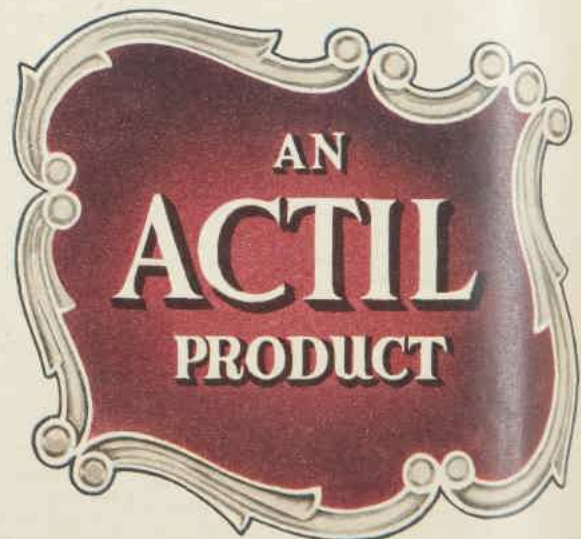
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F2132.—Figure-flattering swimsuit and matching trunks. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



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No. 316.—SMALL GIRL'S SUNFROCK

A pretty, frill-trimmed design, obtainable cut out ready to make in printed summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes red, green, or blue spots, all printed on a white ground. Sizes 18in. for 2 years, 17/6; 19in. for 3 years, 17/11; 20in. for 4 years, 18/11; 23in. for 5-6 years, 19/9. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

No. 317.—LUNCHEON SET

An attractively designed set, obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen and on sheer linen in white, pink, blue, green, and lemon. The centre mat measures 17in. x 11in., the plate mats 12 in. x 9in., and the cup-and-saucer mats 5in. x 5in., and serviettes 11in. x 11in. Price: 9-piece set—1 centre mat, 4 plate mats, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats—18/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Price: 13-piece set—1 centre mat, 6 plate mats, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats—21/11. Postage and registration, 1/11 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

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The bag is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced ready to embroider. The bias binding finish, coat-hanger for top, and zipper for lower edge are not supplied. The material is British headcloth in blue, lemon, pink, green, natural, and white. Size 25in. x 17in. Price, 6/11. Postage, 7d. extra.

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ARR-12

Page 55

A Betty King Recipe Feature

Noted Home Economist of World Brands Pty. Ltd.



Serve this Dreamy Dessert... it's made in a Moment!

YOU CAN DO IT! You can make new exciting desserts in minutes, with nourishing, delicious Mellah! Make a taste-tempting pie with Mellah as the filling, serve Mellah as a delectable companion for fruit, or make a

glamorous dessert with Mellah alone. Mellah's delicious however it's served. Simple to make... costs only pennies a serve. Feature a Mellah dessert tonight, they'll say "Please! More Mellah Mum!"

Mellah Parfait Make up Chocolate and Vanilla Mellah as directed on packet. (Use $\frac{1}{2}$ packet of each if desired). Cool. Pour alternate layers of Vanilla and Chocolate into tall glasses, (see illustration) ... then garnish as illustrated, or with grated chocolate or coconut.



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CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

Ingredients: 3 ozs. Copha, 6 ozs. sugar, 1 egg, 6 ozs. (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups) self-raising flour, 3 level tablespoons cocoa,

$\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Preparation: Grease a loaf pan (9 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "). Place sugar, egg, essence and half the sifted flour, salt and cocoa in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt: Place Copha in a saucepan, chop roughly and melt over gentle heat. It should be barely warm not hot — test with your fingertip. Add milk to Copha.

And Mix: Pour Copha and milk onto ingredients in basin and beat with a rotary beater 4 minutes. Add remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer. Pour into prepared pan and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes. Frost, when cool, with Chocolate Frosting and decorate if desired with nuts, coconut or pieces of marshmallow.

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Quick Dinners

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



Here are three dinner menus planned for Mother's day out. Some dishes can be prepared beforehand; others can be prepared and cooked in less than an hour.

FISH PATTIES CANTON, made from cooked flaked fish or tinned fish, are good served with Chinese-style sauce. Carrot straws and shredded cabbage are two colorful vegetables to serve with them. See the recipes given below.

THERE are times in the life of every housewife when it is necessary to cook and serve dinner in the shortest possible time without the food looking or tasting as though it has been prepared in a hurry.

In each of the three menus below at least one dish may be completely or partly prepared early in the day for dinner at night. Assembling, cooking, and serving are then a matter of minutes.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

Fish Patties Canton.
Carrot Straws. Shredded Cabbage.
Whole Pears in Wine Syrup.
Biscuits and Cheese.
Iced Lemon Tea.

FISH PATTIES CANTON

One and a half pounds cooked flaked fish (or use two 12oz. tins of fish), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, squeeze lemon juice, salt, pepper, egg-glazing, browned crumbs, fat or oil, Canton sauce.

Remove bones and skin from fish, break into flakes. Place in basin with soft breadcrumbs, mashed potatoes, onion, parsley, lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly, shape a quantity at a time into patties about one inch thick. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in browned crumbs. Fry in hot fat or oil until lightly browned on both sides. Serve hot with Canton sauce.

Canton Sauce: Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely chopped green ginger and 4 tablespoons chopped mixed pickles (the type preserved in clear vinegar, not mustard pickles) in a small quantity of oil or good shortening for a few minutes. Stir in 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon soya sauce, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour blended with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 dessertspoon dry sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 minutes after folding in 6 finely chopped shallots (including a quantity of the green portion) and 3 or 4 chopped, colored onions. Pour over fish patties.

WHOLE PEARS IN WINE SYRUP
One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 4 to 6 medium-sized pears, 4 or 5 whole cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup still Burgundy.

Cook sugar and water together until a syrup forms. Peel pears, but leave whole with the stems on. Add wine and cloves. Simmer gently until pears are tender, about 20 minutes or more according to size of pears. Allow to become cold in the syrup. Serve with sponge fingers and cream or ice-cream.

MENU 2

Twenty-minute Tomato Broth.
Hawaiian Skewered Steak.
Mashed Potatoes.
Green Peas with Diced Carrot.
Prune and Nut Dessert.
Coffee.

TWENTY-MINUTE TOMATO BROTH

One carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ swede turnip, 1 onion, 2 medium-sized potatoes,

1 teaspoon salt, 4 cups water, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Peel or scrape vegetables, grate on coarse vegetable-grater. Place in saucepan with salt, water, sugar, and cayenne pepper. Simmer 20 minutes. Add tomato juice, stir to mix well, correct seasoning, reheat to boiling point. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. Melba toast or unbuttered cheese biscuits may be served on the side.

HAWAIIAN SKEWERED STEAK

One and a half pounds grilling steak cut about 1 in. thick, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, 1 clove of finely chopped garlic, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 or 3 one-inch-thick slices peeled pineapple cut into cubes about 1 in. square.

Pound steak well, cut into pieces about 1 in. square. Place in deep plate, add pineapple juice, garlic, and sauce thoroughly mixed together. Toss well until all steak pieces have been coated with the liquid, allow to marinate several hours. Drain free of liquid, thread meat squares on to skewers, alternating steak and pieces of pineapple. Grill 8 to 10 minutes, turning frequently and basting occasionally with some of the marinade. Serve piping hot.

PRUNE AND NUT DESSERT

Half a dozen large plain cupcakes, 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups stewed prunes (drained free of syrup), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 12 walnut halves, custard or cream or ice-cream.

Cut tops off cakes, with a teaspoon scoop a hollow in top of each cake. Crumble some of the pieces scooped from the cakes and mix with prunes, which have been rubbed through a strainer. Soften to thick pouring consistency with some of the prune syrup. Flavor with lemon rind and vanilla, add chopped walnuts. Fill into hollows in cakes, adding sufficient to fill cake and run down sides. Replace tops of cakes, decorate with walnut halves. Serve with custard, cream, or ice-cream.

MENU 3*

Cheese and Bean Beefburgers.
Potato Straws. Spinach.
Carrot Slices.
Quick Pineapple Dessert.
Coffee.

CHEESE AND BEAN BEEFBURGERS

One pound minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, thick tomato slices, coarsely grated cheese, tinned baked beans, chopped parsley.

Combine steak, salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly and form into 6 or 7 thick patties. Place on greased scone-tray and grill or bake until cooked through. Place a tomato slice on top of each beefburger, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and continue cooking until cheese melts and browns. Place a spoonful of hot baked beans on top of each and sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley.

QUICK PINEAPPLE DESSERT

Slices of ripe uncooked pineapple, sugar, toasted coconut, cake-

crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, grated chocolate or extra toasted coconut.

Place pineapple slices in serving-dishes, sprinkle thickly with sugar, and stand aside until slices are moist and syrupy. Sprinkle thickly with toasted coconut and cakecrumbs mixed together. Chill. Blend cornflour with some of the milk, heat balance of milk with sugar. Stir in blended cornflour, continue stirring until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in butter and beaten egg. When cold pour over pineapple slices; top with grated chocolate or extra coconut.

FRUIT JUICE COCKTAILS

Give a festive air to a quick dinner by serving a fresh fruit cocktail, made in advance and thoroughly chilled.

For decorative effect, dip the rims of the glasses in lemon juice and then in crystal sugar, either plain or delicately colored.

To color sugar, place a small quantity in a cup and add food coloring a drop at a time, stirring with a teaspoon until well mixed and evenly colored.

Try these:

Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ pint grape juice (bottled or extracted from crushed grapes), 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Chill thoroughly, extend with ginger ale before serving in small glasses.

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed mint leaves, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup orange juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit juice. Chill and extend with soda water if required.

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stops chafing and soothes
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Comedy and color are behind new British film boom

By BILL STRUTTON, in London



British films are really going places.
The money for them is rolling in from all
over the world—yen, kroner, lira,
pesetas, not to mention Australian
pounds, shillings, and pence. Their future
has never looked rosier.

THE foundations for this
were laid a few years
ago by a dazzling string of
screen gems from studios
round London which
amazed the post-war world.
They created a sudden new
taste among audiences for
British films.

A look over what is going on
in British studios to-day shows
that many more first-class
films are on the way.

Movie-makers are turning
to color in a big way. It's one
of their answers to the com-
petition of television.

In the Rank Organisation
alone six of its new produc-
tions are in technicolor. They
are all comedies.

The studios at Pinewood
are much busier than they
have been in years. The best
way of telling this is not to
tour the lot but merely to
drop in for lunch at Pine-
wood's baronial dining-hall.

Every table is packed with
stars, many of them new.

The crush and the hurry in
the restaurant are eye-glad-
dening proof that British

films are booming again.

Over at Ealing, a tiny
studio nestling in the frame
circle of London suburbs,
they're making their two latest
comedies in color.

These comedies are right in
the tradition of "Whisky
Galore," "The Lavender Hill
Mob," and "Passport to Pen-
lico," which have established
Ealing as best-seller for a
gentle, new-style film humor.

Sir Michael Balcan, who
pioneered these comedies and
has long established himself as
one of the shrewdest veterans
in the movie business, gives
the formula for their success.

He said, "We've tried to
express the view of ordinary
people. I have a theory that
good comedy is extraordinary
fun happening to ordinary
people."

"It's possible to tackle a
social problem, or anything
else that's serious, in comedy."

"We don't pick out big
stars and then write a screen
story to suit them. We get a
good story ready for filming
first, then cast the players to
suit it. Sometimes well-
known stars fit in. Often our
stories make the stars."

It is as much for his bril-
liant performances in these
Ealing comedies as for any-
thing else that Alec Guinness

MARIA BAILLIE (left). A new face in
British films, dark, appealing Maria is des-
tined for big-time stardom. She makes her
debut in "The Planter's Wife," with Clau-
dette Colbert and Anthony Steel.



SONJA ZIEMANN, vivacious film star from Germany. Her first
British starring role is as a Continental maid in the comedy
"Made in Heaven." Continental stars ensure an even wider
European audience for British films.



EVA BARTOK, lovely Hungarian actress, is an exciting
personality in British films. Her stars opposite Richard
Todd in Betty Box's "Venetian Bird." The picture was
made in England and on location in Venice.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 1, 1948

• Four years ago the British film industry faced a financial crisis. To-day, thanks to a handful of producers, British movies are rated as top-class box-office attractions.

One of to-day's biggest box-office draws.

Being's newest comedies in line are "The Love Lottery" and "The Titfield Thunder-

Other British producers are being clever," not only by making very carefully chosen films but also by using a wider choice of stars.

With Europe and the rest of the world converted to enjoying the flavors of to-day's British films, the producers are now aiming at getting a wider audience in the biggest market of all—America.

To do this they have lured a string of Hollywood stars across the Atlantic to play leads—Claudette Colbert, Anthony Scott, Yvonne de Carlo, Cesar Romero, Merle Haggard, Van Heflin, Wanda Hendrix, Claude Rains.

For familiar stars help to sell a film, and many British stars are still unknown in America. Also, by casting British screen hopefuls opposite American stars the producers build up these British newcomers into internationally-known players.

That's what they are doing, for instance, with Anthony Steel and Jack Hawkins, who are cast with Claudette Colbert in "The Plumber's Wife."

Like her Hollywood film "Three Came Home," her British film is set in the Far

East—but not in a Japanese prison camp; instead, on a rubber plantation surrounded by jungle fighting.

But Britain is not only borrowing stars from America. With an eye on their new international audience, the producers are turning to the Continent, too.

Norway's glamorous new blonde star Eva Bergh has flown to London to co-star with John Mills in a thriller, "The Long Memory."

From Germany has come another star, dark-haired Sonja Ziemann, to appear with David Tomlinson and Petula Clark in the technicolor comedy "Made in Heaven."

Pinewood Studios' executive producer, Earl St. John, told me, "We take a Continental star only for a part which really suits her. Sonja Ziemann, for instance, has the role of a glamorous foreign maid hired to do the housework. Her arrival upsets the bliss of a couple of English newlyweds."

For topicality this sort of story is right on the ball. Thousands of Continental girls come to England every year for domestic work. They work hard for bargain-price wages and are the London housewife's main standby. This sort of subject will have not only a big appeal in England, but all over Europe.

Movie-makers not only exploit the popularity of British backgrounds but they're also filming on the Continent.

For the filming of "Twenty-four Hours in a Woman's Life," Merle Oberon and a cast of British stars went on location to the French Riviera. Richard Todd is in Venice making a thriller, "Venetian Bird." His new leading lady is Hungarian-born Eva Bartok.

Sound City is a blaze of technicolor for shooting of London Films' mammoth production of "Gilbert and Sullivan," one of the few period films which British studios consider worth making.

The taste is much more for modern comedies, modern thriller-dramas—and new faces.

Apart from the new Continental stars imported, the Rank Organisation is building up a new crop of starlets who have suddenly stepped into top leading roles.

Anthony Steel, Joan Rice, Joan Collins, and Kay Kendall have become overnight box-office names. These are the productions that are following up a new response for British films.

And as a Pinewood producer wisecracked, "The future? Rosy, my boy, rosy. We're looking at it through technicolored spectacles."



MICHAEL REDGRAVE (above right) and Michael Denison in a scene from the technicolor version of Oscar Wilde's comedy "The Importance of Being Earnest." Here Jack Worthing (Michael Redgrave) explains that he has the prior claim to the name of Ernest since his friend Algernon Moncrieff will not be christened until 6 o'clock.



YOLANDE DONLAN and Dirk Bogarde, stars of "Penny Princesses." The picture follows the twin trends of new British films—comedy and color.



STANLEY HOLLOWAY (left) in "The Titfield Thunderbolt" backs the enterprise of his village in deciding to run its own railway—provided the train has a bar. The script is by T. E. B. ("Tibby") Clarke.

KAY KENDALL (at left above) and Joyce Barbour examine a gown in this scene from "It Started in Paradise," the film which takes screen audiences behind the scenes of the glamor-fashion industry.



KAY WALSH and radio comedian Ted Ray (centre left) in "Red Peppers," an episode in Noel Coward's "Meet Me To-night."

PETULA CLARK (centre right) and David Tomlinson co-star in the comedy "Made in Heaven." Petula plays an ideally married young woman.

The Australian Women's Weekly October 1, 1952 Page 39





1 ENTERTAINER Roxy McClanahan (Yvonne de Carlo), at table, denies lifting a customer's bankroll. Captain Frank Truscott (Rock Hudson), seated, is amused by her efforts to part him from his own cash.



2 INFANT SON of ailing widow Linda Caldwell (Bodil Miller), who is en route to meet her late husband's family, leads to talks between the two women in hotel. In this way Roxy hears details of Linda's life.



SCARLET ANGEL

NEW ORLEANS and San Francisco at the end of the Civil War set the scene for Universal's technicolor melodrama "Scarlet Angel."

In New Orleans two rogues—a lovely saloon girl (Yvonne de Carlo) and a rugged merchant captain (Rock Hudson), who is trying to recover losses sustained as a result of the Union Army blockade by delivering cargoes to Yankee traders and collecting on the side—try to outsmart each other.

The lady holds the advantage temporarily, but a brisk battle of wits—and fists—settles the matter.



3 DOCTOR informs Roxy of the young mother's death. Committed to care for baby Richard, Roxy decides to adopt Linda's identity, proclaim herself as the deceased, and depart for a house outside New Orleans.

4 THEFT of Frank Truscott's bankroll is essential to Roxy's plan to live in obscurity until the law forgets her. Later Roxy learns that Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Caldwell, of San Francisco, are very wealthy.



5 SOCIAL GRACES are acquired by Roxy at the Caldwell home. Their niece Susan (Amanda Blake), right, and nephew Malcolm (Richard Denning) realise the baby will inherit the fortune they covet.



6 VISITOR Frank Truscott demands his money but keeps Roxy's identity secret. Susan tries to bribe Truscott to expose Roxy. Malcolm plans to court Roxy.



7 BLACKMAILERS move in on Roxy during Truscott's absence. Tired of society life, Roxy cannot leave for fear they will claim baby is not real heir.



8 REUNITED with Truscott, Roxy explains that a birthmark establishes the child's right to inheritance.

New VELVET gives More Suds Faster



CAN YOU BEAT IT, LADIES?
THE SAME WONDERFUL VELVET
RESULTS WITH EVEN LESS RUBBING
BECAUSE ITS EXTRA SOAPY
SUDS COME SO EASILY

says
Aunt Jenny



Tests prove it!

More suds

A small piece of New Velvet shaken in a test tube produced 14" of suds and in the same time a similar piece of ordinary bar soap produced only 1" of suds.



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It takes only 5 seconds for New Velvet to produce suds whilst 8 seconds are required for ordinary bar soap to give any lather. You'll find the same difference in your wash. New Velvet gives tubs of suds with fewer rubs.

AUSTRALIA'S
BIGGEST SELLING BAR SOAP

Bill Kerr in R.A.F. film

Serious acting in bomber-pilot role is new field for comedian

Australian radio star Bill Kerr has landed his first plum British film role. He is the Australian pilot hero of a new Royal Air Force drama, "Appointment in London."

CO-STARS are Dirk Bogarde, Ian Hunter, Dinah Sheridan, and Brian Forbes. Already London Films are enthusiastic about Bill's performance as a happy-go-lucky wartime Australian bomber pilot typical of the Australian men who flew on operations from England with English-

men, Canadians, and Americans in World War II. It proves one important thing for Bill Kerr. He can do more than set the nation laughing as the drawing, pessimistic boy from Wagga Wagga who comes to the microphone and says dismally, "I've only got four minutes," and then sets about frightening the life out of his audi-

ence by musing on what might happen if the theatre caught on fire or if the dress circle collapsed and fell down on to the stalls.

It is this witty line of misery that has shot Bill Kerr to the top as a radio and music-hall favorite.

Now in his first big film he is showing that he can fly through a straight part, too.

On the set at Shepperton—converted into a replica of an old English pub crammed with airmen from a nearby field—Bill Kerr, dressed in the blue uniform of the Royal Australian Air Force, said: "This is a break I owe to Peter Finch."

"It's the third time Peter has put in a good word for me over here. The first time was when he got me a part in the stage production of 'Pommy.' Then he whispered in somebody's ear about me for a small part in 'The Wooden Horse.'"

"Finally, when he found he wouldn't be able to play this part in 'Appointment in London,' he persuaded them to test me for it."

"Peter and I have been pals ever since we toured together with Army Amusements during the war."

"There's a mild prejudice to overcome which confronts every Australian actor who comes to London to work. You have to persuade them that, if necessary, you can talk without the ghost of an Australian accent. Though

all our actors can do this as a matter of course, producers are chary and take a little convincing before casting us for straight English parts."

Australian actors Lloyd Lambie and Don Sharpe also have parts as fliers in this new British air film.

This is not Bill Kerr's first film experience.

He had the villain's part in "My Death Is a Mockery," made last year. In Australia he played child parts in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," "Harmony Row," and "His Royal Highness," when they hung the tag "Australia's Jackie Coogan" on him.

As a child he had a very good grounding in show business. He toured in tent shows with Coles' Varieties. His star turn, he says, was a precocious song-and-dance act — "you know, funny hat, baggy pants, little cane. I think I must have been a very obnoxious child."

Bill comes from show folk. "My mother, Anne Roberts, was well-known for her songs at the piano—Sophie Tucker sort of style."

"My grandfather was Professor Roberts, who ran a Dancing Academy in Phillip St., Sydney, and in Collins St., Melbourne. Even as a child I did a lot of radio work in Australia, mostly with the A.B.C."

In December Bill Kerr will fly home to Australia after a six weeks' concert tour of Korea.

The manner of his homecoming will be very different from the way he left, in 1946, to make his name abroad. "Margaret (his wife) and I had only enough money be-



BILL KERR as he appears in the film "Appointment in London," in which he successfully plays a serious role. In December, Bill is due to fly to Australia after a six weeks' tour of Korea for a season with Tivoli Theatres.

tween us for one ticket. So I worked my way over as a steward."

He grinned. "After my performance in serving my first meal at sea, they rushed me up on deck and gave me a bucket. For the rest of the voyage I swabbed decks!"

Margaret, his pretty blonde wife, is running a dress-designing business in the heart of fashionable Knightsbridge.

In Australia Bill Kerr is to do a season for the Tivoli, with a guest spot in each of the capital cities—and probably some radio work, too. He confessed, "I'm rather scared about my radio act out home."

"What is a novelty to the British audiences might be

old stuff for our own folk. I'll probably have to think up something a bit different. How about if I did a complete turnabout and did something frightfully blah?" He grinned at the idea.

He'll think up something. It was this gift that gave him his first big break in England and made Australia's Bill Kerr—who really does come from Wagga Wagga—a favorite hugely in demand for radio and variety.

Currently there are plans to star Bill in a radio series with "Cheerful Charlie Chester," who is a big hit in England. The idea is that Bill is to be the contrast—the gloomy guy of the team.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL—★ "Pittsburg," drama, starring John Wayne, Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott. Plus ★★ "Little Giant," comedy, starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Brenda Joyce. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY—★ "Belles On Their Toes," technicolor comedy, starring Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain. Plus ★ "The First Legion," drama, starring Charles Boyer.

CIVIC—★ "Diggers in Blighty," comedy, starring Pat Hanna, Joe Vaili, Thelma Scott. Plus "Harmony Row," comedy, starring George Wallace, Marshall Crosby. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY—★ "The Clouded Yellow," British thriller, starring Jean Simmons, Trevor Howard, Sonia Dresdel. Plus ★★ "The Magnificent," comedy, starring Stephen Murray.

ESQUIRE—★ "Cry, the Beloved Country," drama, starring Canada Lee, Charles Carson. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY—★ "Scaramouche," technicolor period romance, starring Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Mel Ferrer, Janet Leigh. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—★ "The First Time," domestic comedy, starring Robert Cummings, Barbara Hale. Plus ★ "Man in the Saddle," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott.

LYRIC—★ "The Marrying Kind," domestic comedy, starring Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray. Plus "Sunny Side of the Street," cinecolor musical, starring Frankie Laine, Terry Moore. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR—★ "Golden Girl," technicolor musical comedy, starring Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson. Plus featurettes.

PARK—★ "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," technicolor musical, starring Mitzi Gaynor, William Lundigan. Plus ★ "I Cheated the Law," thriller, starring Tom Conway.

PLAZA—★ "Macao," action drama, starring Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum, William Bendix. Plus ★★ "Tembo," African documentary, in Ansco color.

REGENT—★ "With A Song In My Heart," technicolor biographical-musical, starring Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY—★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE—★ "Bend of the River," technicolor Western, starring James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Julia Adams. Plus ★ "Here Come the Nelsons," comedy, starring the Nelson family.

ST. JAMES—★ "Scaramouche," technicolor period romance, starring Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Mel Ferrer, Janet Leigh. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY—★ "Traffic in Souls," French melodrama with English subtitles, starring Jules Berry, Jean Pierre Aumont, Kate de Nagy. Plus ★ "Delightfully Dangerous," musical comedy, starring Jane Powell. (Both re-releases.)

VICTORY—★ "Madonna of the Seven Moons," romantic drama, starring Phyllis Calvert, Stewart Granger, Patricia Roc. (Re-release.) Plus "Blackout," mystery drama, starring Maxwell Reed, Dinah Sheridan.

Films not yet reviewed

PALACE—★ "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.," spy drama, starring Frank Lovejoy, Dorothy Hart. Plus "That Way With Women," gangster drama, starring Dane Clark, Martha Vickers. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD—★ "Marshmallow Moon," technicolor musical comedy, starring Dinah Shore, Alan Young, Robert Merrill. Plus "Anything Can Happen," comedy, starring Jose Ferrer, Kim Hunter.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Cry, the Beloved Country

"NEGROES must live with dignity in South Africa" is the theme of "Cry, the Beloved Country," Alan Paton's thought-provoking novel on color problems within the Union and the misunderstandings that prejudice breeds.

Though it departs somewhat from the novel, the film made by Zoltan Korda and Alan Paton reflects this plea for tolerance and enlightenment.

"Cry, the Beloved Country" is a dignified, strangely constructed film; the simple plot weaves back and forth between the parched farmlands of Ixopo, in Natal, where it begins, and the dreadful squalor of the negro quarter in Johannesburg, where crime, vice, and poverty flourish.

The story tells of the slow growth of understanding,

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

through tragedy, between two South Africans. James Jarvis, the white man (Charles Carson), is a somewhat arrogant farmer; the colored man is poor village priest Stephen Kumalo (Canada Lee).

The picture is gloomy in tone and it lacks emotional fire at important points. This treatment may detract from full appreciation of the subject matter among film audiences.

Korda has directed his cast of actors and non-professionals with sympathy and insight. The work of Sidney Poitier as an urbane young Anglican priest is admirable.

In Sydney—Esquire.

★ As I read the stars ★

By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Take the lead and begin any enterprise on September 30 and watch your score improve sharply. October 2 is not a day to argue with the boss.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): You can get your own way by diplomatic wangling on October 1, but if you charge in you'll be routed. October 5 could fail to live up to social expectations.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Whether it's work or play or a little of both, October 4 demands your very best efforts. October 6 may have a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Only the most determined Cancer native will accomplish much on October 3. Take precautions against accidents around the home. October 4 for a new thrill.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Don't talk on October 3; listen to others and gain valuable information as the basis of action, because October 4 puts a decision squarely up to you.

VIRGO (August 23 - September 23): Arrangements made on October 4 are not likely to pan out. Any business of a speculative nature should be postponed until October 6, when you might make a lucky strike.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

LIBRA (September 24 - October 23): Personal relationships should be specially fortunate on October 1. If eligible, love affairs blossom, while older subjects renew their social interests. October 5 is difficult.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 23): Venus, planet of love and popularity, entering your sign gives a lift on October 1. Full steam ahead for new undertakings on October 4, with future possibilities in view.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): You could enjoy being extravagant on October 2, but, if so, you'll be unable to take advantage of a far better opportunity on October 6. It's better just now to look well ahead.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): October 1 favors ambition, and that's Capricorn's middle name. Seek a job, ask attention from those in authority, but hold your hand on October 3.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): You might be waited to your destination on October 2, more through luck than good management, but October 4 demands a clear head. Take no chances.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Accept gratefully any little windfall on September 30. On October 4 postpone asking favors. Depend on yourself rather than on other people's promises.

Sleeping Beauties

by Lustre



Such lingerie as dreams are made of! Silken smooth Velvarey, blossoming in the delicate flower shades of peach, honeysuckle, lilac and white rose. Nightgowns that sweep in graceful folds, luxuriously frothed with lace. Pyjamas with a piquant lacy femininity of their own. Slimly tailored slips, scanties, vests, pantettes... lovely with lace... and lovely because they're Lustre!



Lace-trimmed slip in peach and white rose. Also waist slip.



Bra-top vest and scanties with lavish lace trim in peach and white rose.



Slim tailored pantettes with delicate lace trim in peach and white rose.



A lovely and lovely nightgown in enchanting flower pastels—lilac, honeysuckle, peach and white rose.



Waking or Sleeping... you're lovelier in Lustre



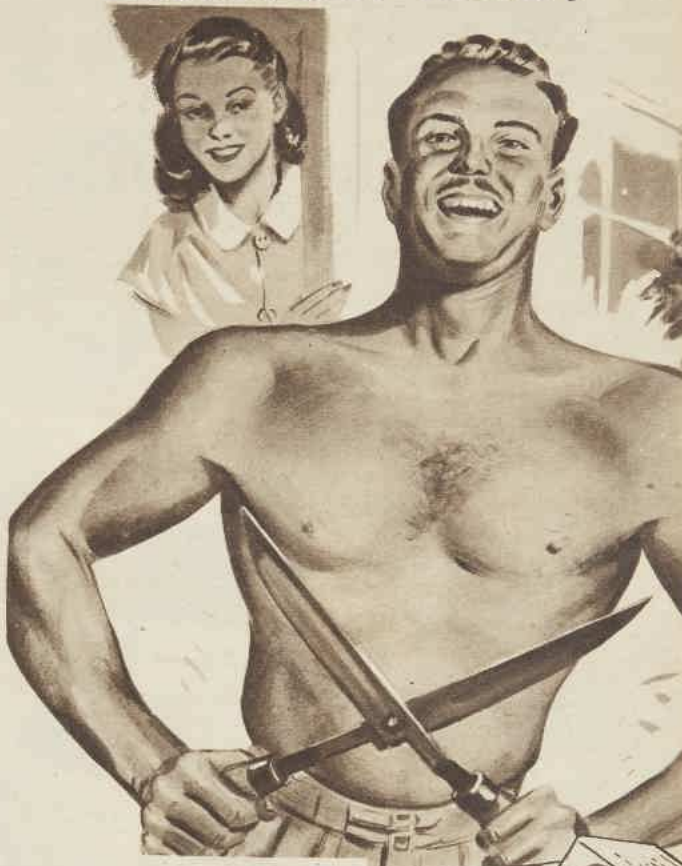
PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Famous lawyer Perry Mason and his secretary, Della, have offices near Xperiments Inc., a company owned by scientist Dr. Francis Early. Manager of Xperiments Roy Adger plans to steal the blueprints of Dr. Early's new invention. He wastes no time in winning the confidence of Sally Dale, whom he intends to frame for the theft. Adger is alarmed when Dr. Early says he will consult Perry Mason.



"My husband's a different man!"



Thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes: "My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after the Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment, he is a different man. I thank you sincerely."

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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a great blood medicine containing Thionine. They help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments.

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backache
rheumatism
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lumbago
headaches
dizziness

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Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.

Nyal Figen Double Strength is specially formulated for adults. Like Figen Regular it acts promptly, but gently, without pain or griping, to restore normal bowel action. The formula of this natural-acting laxative is plainly printed on the package—that's why your chemist can recommend NYAL FIGEN with confidence.

REGULAR 2/3 • DOUBLE STRENGTH 2/4



NYAL Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.



NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE is a proven effective, dependable medicine which acts three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs. The medication penetrates into congested bronchial tubes — cuts phlegm, making breathing easier — soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest — brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. Two sizes — 3/9, 6/3.



Here's a beautifully fine powder, designed to bring soothing, cooling comfort for baby's super-sensitive skin. NYAL BABY POWDER contains an ingredient which actually resists moisture and thereby lessens the chance of wet rashes, chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes: Regular, 2/3 Economy, 4/3.



NYAL



Contain a remarkable new decongestant known as Phenylephrine. Rapidly clear blood-shot eyes and relieve burning, itching and smerting. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper, 4/9.



Breeds quick relief from the pain and distress of indigestion. It contains an ingredient which will, in 10 minutes, digest 200 times its own weight in starch. NYAL ANTACID POWDER helps digest starchy foods. 3/6.



For babies, a teaspoon of dependable NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA after each feeding prevents wind* and helps to ensure regular habits. In addition to being a corrective of minor stomach upsets, NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA helps digestion and corrects "sour stomach." Two sizes: 6 oz., 2/4; 12 oz., 3/11.



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